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FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

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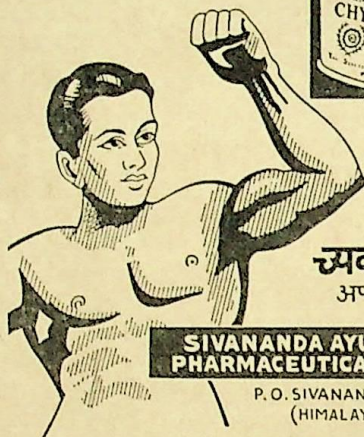
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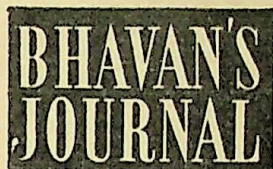
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 —Rigveda, I-89-i

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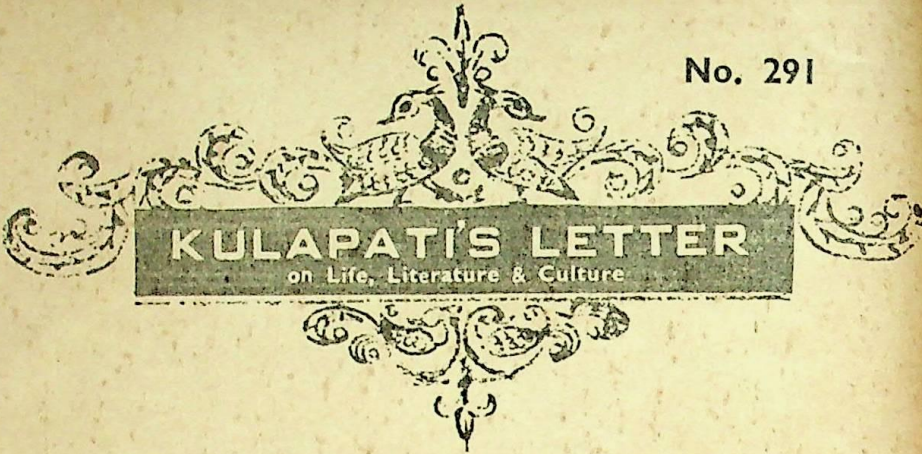
WARD OFF EVIL !

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 उत्पाततापविषभीतिमसद्ग्रहाति
 व्याधींश्च नाशयतु मे जगतामधोशः ॥

O, Lord of the Universe! Save me from bad dreams, bad omens, bad ways, sorrows, famines, extreme difficulties, unbearable ill-fame and calamities like quakes, fever, fear of poison, planetary inflictions and diseases.

—Siva-Kavacha

[This verse is often recited at the sight of ill omens and before sleep.]



KULAPATI'S LETTER

on Life, Literature & Culture

★ SWAMI VIVEKANANDA—AN APOSTLE OF RENAISSANCE

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

SEPTEMBER 1, 1963.

FEW can understand, unless they belong to my age-group, the great influence which Swami Vivekananda had on us, in the first decade of the 20th century when we were at College. We were then subjected not only to political but also to cultural and religious humiliation. In those days small booklets, very cheap, were issued by missionaries in which our culture and religion were held up to ridicule, scorn and contempt.

There were books giving heavily biased summaries of *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata*, followed by criticisms trying to prove that we were barbarians, our scriptures were immoral and our gods wicked. Then in these books followed a gushing description of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost in which we were told how Christianity was faultless. We were then at an impressionable age and were not intelligent enough to find an answer to the criticism contained in these books. We felt humiliated.

At the time, the Arya Samaj, founded by Swami Dayanand Saraswati, was the only movement which accepted the challenge of the missionary. But, it was only when we began to read the works of Swami Vivekananda that our eyes were opened. Reading these works, we derived considerable knowledge on Hindu Culture and Religion from the modern point of view.

Swamiji gave us the message of New India; he gave us hope; he gave us pride in ourselves. We felt that we were not the uncivilized barbarians which the missionaries were trying to make us out, but a people with great cultural heritage. This gave us back our self-respect.

Indian Renaissance was not merely an artistic and literary movement like the European Renaissance. Nor was it only a religious movement. It was essentially cultural and spiritual. Though Raja Ram Mohan Roy, Ramakrishna Paramahansa and Dayanand Saraswati began the work, it was Swami Vivekananda who brought to us, the younger generations, the message of the Renaissance.

One of the essential features of the Renaissance was to bring the past in the vivid colours of the present. No nation can be great unless its present is founded in the past; nor can it be so, if it only lives in its past; and it can have no future, unless its present establishes a continuity with the past.

In a stirring passage, Swamiji said:

"You are bound by it (your religion), and if you give it up you are smashed to pieces. You have withstood the shocks of centuries simply because you took great care of it. You sacrificed everything else for it. Your forefathers underwent everything boldly, even death itself, but preserved their religion. Temple after temple was broken down by the foreign conqueror, but no sooner had the wave passed than the spire of the temple rose up again. Some of these old temples of Southern India, and those like Somnath of Gujarat, will teach volumes of wisdom, will give a keener interest into the history of the race, than any amount of books. Mark how these temples bear the marks of a hundred attacks and a hundred regenerations, continually destroyed and continually springing up out of the ruins, rejuvenated and strong as ever! That is the national mind, that is the national life-current. Follow it and it leads to glory. Give it up and you die."

When we read Swamiji's works we realised that culture flows in a continuous stream. We cannot break it up by making artificial distinctions in time, into British Period, the Moghul Period,

the Freedom period and so on. The life of a people is continuous. Their spiritual heritage throws up creative activity which is one and indivisible. The collective mind of a people is basically the same, undergoing only minor changes from age to age.

We knew about *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* but we found in them fresh inspiration only when we read Swamiji's summaries of his works. Yoga was a word of mystic implication, but it was only when we read his *Raja Yoga* and *Karma Yoga* that we realised what it was.



As one of the great architects of our Renaissance, Swami Vivekananda made us 'India-conscious'. I will tell you of how I became 'India-conscious'. In some respects, Sri Aurobindo Ghosh, Professor of English in the Baroda College in my time, reflected the cult of the Motherland, as taught by Vivekananda and envisaged by Bankim Chandra Chatterji before him.

In one of our visits to the Professor, I asked him how we could serve the country. He took me to a map of India, and said: 'Look here, young man, if you want to serve India, meditate on her as the Mother, on her soil, her mountains and rivers as her physical body, on her people as so many living cells, on her culture which has come down through the ages as her soul. Then you would know how to serve the Motherland.'

Some of us then thought—as some men in the present generation think—that India was a stretch of so many millions of miles or an undeveloped country with an explosive population. But we soon learnt that she was a Mother to be worshipped, to be served, to be worked for and, if necessary, to die for.



In one of his most beautiful speeches, Swamiji said:

"This is the ancient land where wisdom made its home before it went into any other country, the same India whose influx of spirituality is represented, as it were, on the material plane, by rolling rivers like oceans, where the eternal Himalayas, rising tier above tier with their snow-caps, look, as it were, into the very mysteries of heaven. Here is the same India whose soil has been trodden by the feet of the great

sages that ever lived. Here first sprang up inquiries into the nature of man, and into the internal world. Here first arose the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, the existence of a Supervising God, as immanent God in nature and man, and here the highest ideals of religion and philosophy have attained their culminating points. This is the land from whence, like tidal waves, spirituality and philosophy have again and again rushed out and deluged the world, and this is the land from where once more such tides must proceed in order to bring life and vigour into the decaying races of mankind. It is the same India which has withstood the shocks of centuries, of hundreds of foreign invasions, of hundreds of upheavals of manners and customs. It is the same land which stands firmer than any rock in the world, with its undying vigour, indestructible life. Its life is of the nature of the soul, without beginning and without end, immortal; and we are the children of such a country."



Swami Vivekananda taught us to ignore the excrescences of our culture and to go back to the Upanishads, the *Bhagavad Gita* and the *Yoga Sutra* and to find in them the fundamental truth of our culture. Here again, it was Prof. Aurobindo Ghosh who suggested to me to read *Yoga Sutra* and the works of Swami Vivekananda.

Swami Vivekananda took us back to the fundamental values of our culture and brought God into our life. It is a strange way of putting it, for, we always thought of 'approaching Him,' or 'living in Him'. Swami Vivekananda gave us a new message—to bring God into our daily life.

The old religious teachers no doubt talked of *paramartha* but our religious attitude had been ego-centric for ages. If I prayed it was to go to heaven; if I performed a ritual it was to secure favours in the next birth; if I made a donation it was to make a capital investment to be returned with compound interest in my next life.

It was Swami Vivekananda who changed this outlook. He taught us that religion must necessarily mean that God should

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come in our life by our living a dedicated life, that is, by consecrating all our actions as an offering to God Himself.

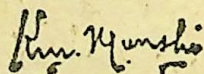
Unless we begin to look upon the whole humanity as part of the God, we cannot expand our religious outlook. What is wanted is to live for others, to conquer egotism, to sink our *swartha* in *paramartha*. This can only come by broadening our outlook so as to include in our affection as many people as possible.

This way, Swami Vivekananda laid the foundation of our attitude that service was essential to spiritual life. We cannot lead a spiritual life unless we work for others in utter selflessness, in a spirit of devotion, with a sense of dedication that we are doing it for God's sake.

We are told that we are living in a dynamic age. Dynamism does not mean merely having gigantic dams, or railways or atom bombs. This age can be dynamic, and not otherwise, only if we live for Truth, for Beauty and Love, for fulfilling our aspirations to rise above our sordid self.

We celebrate the centenary of Swami Vivekananda as he was a great apostle of our modern Renaissance. We offer him our tribute not merely for what he has done, but because it provides us with an opportunity to mobilise our own spiritual aspirations by dwelling on him, his works and his ideals. This way, we light our little lamp from the flaming torch that he was.

Yours sincerely,



A great landmark in the history of religion is here, the ideal of love for love's sake, work for work's sake, duty for duty's sake, for the first time let fall from the lips of the greatest of incarnations, Krishna, and for the first time in history of humanity, upon the soil of India.

Forget first the love for gold and name and fame, and for this little three-penny world of ours. Then, only then, you will understand the love of the Gopis, too holy to be attempted without giving up everything, too sacred to be understood until the soul has become perfectly pure.

—Swami Vivekananda

Indramita



- Q. What needs to be attained by man?*
A. Purity of mind, by ceaseless effort.
- Q. What should be eschewed?*
A. Association with the wicked, 'I'-ness and 'My'-ness.
- Q. Which is the great Tirtha?*
A. Pranava.
- Q. What is the most deserving gift?*
A. Knowledge of the Self.
- Q. Which is the best form of enjoyment?*
A. Enjoying Innate happiness (sahaja-samadhi).
- Q. Which is the type of enjoyment that should be avoided?*
A. That obtained through the desire of others.
- Q. Which is most difficult?*
A. Truth.
- Q. What is inborn in men?*
A. Brahman.
- Q. What is the greatest sorrow?*
A. Ignorance.
- Q. What is the greatest happiness?*
A. Peace obtained through the knowledge of the Self.
- Q. Which is the Supreme Nectar?*
A. The word of the preceptor.
- Q. Which is deadly poison?*
A. Worry about something relating to someone.
- Q. When is it a holiday for studies?*
A. Till such time as the true preceptor arrives.
- Q. What should be the deep concern of man?*
A. The material cause of the multiplied world.
- Q. What is most beautiful in the world?*
A. The activities of the learned.
- Q. What is the greatest act of devotion?*
A. Bathing in the dust of the feet of the saintly.
- Q. What should one do from childhood?*
A. Serve the feet of the saintly without pride.
- Q. What marks the dawn of fortune?*
A. The gain of advaita knowledge through the preceptor's words.
- Q. What should be done by the self-realised?*
A. Work out the good and bad experiences residual upon previous Karma.
- Q. Which is the greatest Kamadhenu?*
A. Faith in Vedas, God and in one's preceptor.

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Sri Swami Ramdas:

Our Beloved Papa

Swami Satchidananda

‘**F**IND the Guru within you. True vision means the vision of the Reality within you. The man of ignorance clings to the external forms for support. So long as a man does not see the great Truth he is in search of, within himself, he can never know peace.’ These words and similar ones to this effect were more frequently uttered by our beloved Papa during the past few years. Was he preparing us to stand on our own legs by turning our gaze within to realize the great Truth, and not to mourn the inevitable end of his physical frame?

On 25th July, 1963, when the sun was setting, the great son of India, nay the whole world, was also preparing to shuffle off his physical—the purest and most ideal—instrument which he used for the service of man-

kind for over forty years. For an ordinary onlooker that evening marked the end of a most glorious life.

Forty-two years ago he threw overboard, all at one stroke, his business, home, family and all that he called his own. He was seized by an intense aspiration to realize the Truth and it came like a strong wave that swept him completely off his feet, absolutely cutting him off from all that he possessed.

In fact, Papa’s life, when we look back, appears to be a demonstration in the world-laboratory to show to aspirants the various stages of spiritual progress, the wonderful power of Ram Nam, the meaning of surrender to the will of God, and the spiritual peak to which a man could reach within a remarkably short time.

Ram Nam first made him mad after God. This was mistaken by his friends and relations as insanity. Day and night, without a moment’s rest, he was chanting Ram Nam. Sleep would break the continuity of Ram Nam. Heavy food would bring on sleep. So he sacrificed both food and sleep to chant the Name ceaselessly.

Worldly talk would distract the mind from Ram Nam. So he gave up all talk and went into solitude. Thus whatever stood in the way of his continuous chanting of Ram Nam he mercilessly kicked aside and wandered in ochre robes throughout the length and breadth of India without any plan or programme, not knowing and not worrying as to where his next halt would be, throwing himself entirely in the hands of the all-merciful and all-powerful Ram, like a dry leaf blown about here and there by the breeze. He used to say that at that time he felt he was like a baby safe in the hands of its mother.

His surrender to the will of God was unparalleled. He accepted cheerfully every situation in which he was placed as brought about by God Himself. He bore with cheer the insults hurled at him, the occasions, though rare, when he had to go without any food; the unbearable cold and mosquito bites he was subject to when he was spending a night on the Ganga bank, lying on the icy cold stone with only a single piece of cloth to spread and cover his body with. Nor was he elated when he was received with honours and was worshipped like an incarnation of God.

He looked upon all as the forms of Ram and addressed them as such. Not only humans, but everything he cast his eyes on were the forms of his Beloved for him. Inspired with this vision, it is no wonder he started embracing trees and rocks besides the persons who stood in front of him. By looking upon them all as Ram and by giving them his beatific

smile, surcharged with the purest of love, he softened the hard hearts of men and even serpents.

Fear was foreign to him. Where was the need for fear and what was he to be afraid of, when he saw before him only his most beloved Ram. He was absolutely confident, Ram would protect him in every way. Sometimes he even put Ram to severe tests. Just to enjoy the fun of seeing Ram in tigers he once entered a cave in the high mountains only to return disappointed as the tigers had then gone away.

Papa did not belong to any particular creed. He firmly believed that all creeds, faiths and religions were but different paths which ultimately converged on the same goal. The very sight of a Mohammedan reminded him of Mohammed; of a Christian, of Jesus Christ; of a Hindu, of Rama, Krishna or Siva; of a Buddhist, of Buddha; and of a Parsee, of Zoroaster. He told the followers of different religions that all the great Teachers of the world were from one God—the first cause of all existence. He also pointed out how in the *Gita*, the *Bible*, the *Koran* and the *Zend Avesta*, we find the same note of Universal Love and Service insistently ringing and how all the scriptures stressed on self-surrender as the supreme way to liberation.

In his wandering life, his inner vision underwent a radical change, being moulded by his Master, Ram. The result was that in the course of a few years he realized his oneness with the Absolute Reality and the universal manifestation. The servant and the Master had now become one. He

thus reached the peak of God-realization. After that he had nothing more to do for himself but to play with his Mother manifested as the whole universe, assuming for the sake of Lila the duality of child and mother.

It was in the course of such a divine play that Anandashram came into being. During its remarkable history of 32 years, it has attracted thousands from all parts of India and abroad, and rendered distinguished service in spreading the gospel of the Divine Name and Universal Love. Thus Papa has played his part in the world drama most wonderfully.

He has quitted the stage without notice, leaving us all aghast. Unless we, his devotees, strive to follow his teachings and see him in our heart we are likely to retain this sense of loss. The void must be filled up by bringing in the light of Love to illumine our lives. This is possible if only we are ready to follow even a fraction of his precepts which cover various aspects of spiritual life. He lived the life divine in absolute freedom, ever swimming in the ocean of peace and bliss. As a friend put it just when the body was turning to ashes, 'A life like his alone is worth living.'

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.
—Longfellow.

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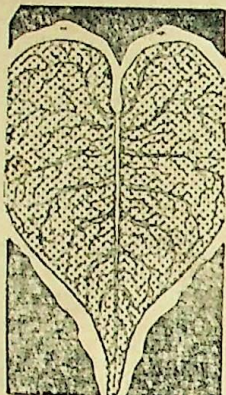
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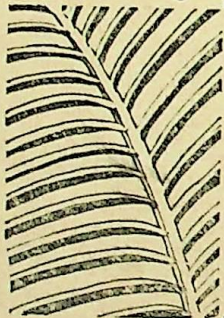


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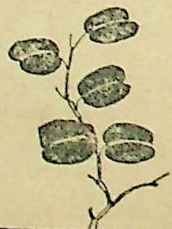
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RULING GROUP MORALITY

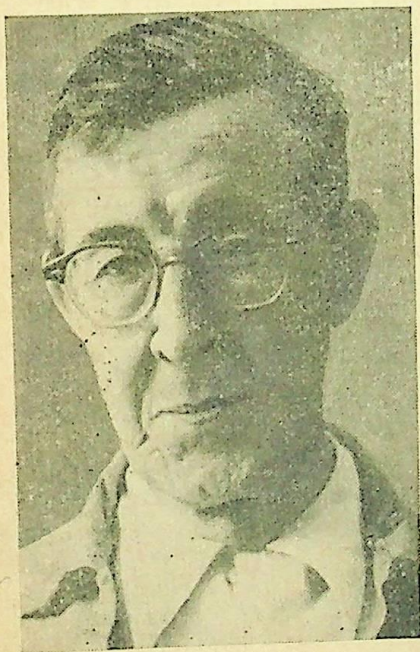
Lord Acton's dictum that power corrupts was at no time truer of application than it is today.

Power-mad governments and individuals have become so megalomaniac that the fate of humanity hangs by a slender thread. The nuclear menace has added a keener edge to this problem.

The momentous question that rises at this juncture is: Can we entrust the fate of hundreds of millions of human beings to the few magnates of power? Can they deliver the goods? Will they? How can we save the situation?

Prof. Pitirim A. Sorokin and Dr. Walter A. Lunden examine this momentous problem in their usual thorough manner and seek to answer the question in the course of a study entitled "Power & Morality," extracts from which are being serialised.

—Ed.



Prof. P. A. Sorokin

THE well-being and survival of the human race are today largely determined by a mere handful of the top rulers. In the hollows of their hands they hold the monopolistic control of unprecedented deadly weapons. Upon their wisdom or stupidity largely depends mankind's fate—lasting peace or suicidal war. 'Never before in history has the life or death of so many depended upon so very few! The greatest autocrats of the past had but a fraction of the tremendous power held now by a few members of the Politbureau or the top leaders of the United States ruling elite.

This dangerous situation naturally raises the momentous questions of our time. Can we entrust the fateful decision of war or peace—and through that the "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" of hundreds of millions of human beings—to the few magnates of this power? Do they

Prof. Pitirim A. Sorokin was born in North Russia. Between 1905 and 1918, he was imprisoned thrice by the Czarist Government. In between his jail terms, he studied at the University of St. Petersburg, and in 1910 received his Master's Degree.

Sorokin was a Member of the Kerensky Cabinet of Russia. When the Communist Government of Russia began to curb intellectual freedom, Sorokin vigorously campaigned against it, and he was, in October 1918, arrested and condemned to death. But because of his intellectual attainment and high standing in the academic world, Sorokin was given reprieve by the special order of Lenin. However, in 1922, Sorokin was arrested and banished from Russia. At the invitation of President Masaryk, who was his good friend, Sorokin stayed in Czechoslovakia for some time, and in November 1923 went to the United States. There he joined the Harvard University and later became the Founder-Director of the Harvard Research Centre in Creative Altruism.

Sorokin is one of the greatest living Sociologists of our times. Peer of Toynbee, Sorokin is compared by some to Comte and Spengler.

The serial will cover:

1. **RULING GROUP MORALITY:** Three Views,
2. **MORALITY AND CRIMINALITY OF RULERS,**
3. **CRIMINALITY AND MORALITY OF HEADS OF STATE,**
4. **OTHER POWER ELEMENTS WITHIN THE STATE,**
5. **NOBLE DECLARATIONS AND IGNOBLE POLICIES OF TODAY'S RULERS,**
6. **WHO SHALL GUARD THE GUARDIANS?**

have the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove necessary to lead us to a lasting peace and a magnificent future?

For our part we are inclined to answer these questions in the words of the Psalmist: "Put not your trust in princes [and rulers] ... in whom there is no help" (Psalms, 146: 3). This advice, so correct in regard to the rulers of the past, is particularly timely in its application to contemporary governments. The gigantic tasks of peacefully resolving the tremendous difficulties of the present, of preventing new wars, and securing man's creative progress, cannot be entrusted to the existing governments, and especially to "the nuclear governments" of the great powers. Still mainly tribal governments of politicians, by politicians, and for politicians, today's ruling groups do not display the minimum of intellectual, moral, and social qualifications necessary for a successful solution of these tremendous tasks.

In the first place, throughout history the moral integrity of powerful governments has been—and still is—too low and their criminality too great to entrust to them the life and well-being of mankind. Secondly, a fruitful resolution of these problems far exceeds the creative ability of the existing governments. Thirdly, a constructive realization of human aspirations demands: (a) a replacement of these "governments of politicians" by "governments of scientists, saints, and sages"; (b) an establishment of certain conditions, such as universal and total disarmament which can automatically prevent misuse and abuse

of power by each and every government; (c) a substitution of the largely obsolescent political ideologies and current tattered values by new ones, better adapted to meet the gigantic challenge of this new era; and finally, (d) the spontaneous mobilization and inspired co-operation of all the creative forces of humanity—its best minds, purest hearts, and highest consciences—for building a nobler and better order in the human universe.

In the light of these reasons, to entrust mankind's destiny and survival to the monopolistic decision of the existing governments is a very poor gamble, even the utmost folly on the part of every member of the human race.

Let us more closely examine these facts and determine to what extent they are factually and logically valid.

Three Views

Since the moral integrity of governments must be established in order to warrant committing the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" of millions of fellowmen into their trust, our first inquiry is: how good has been the actual moral behaviour of rulers in general and of the magnates of power of the existing governments specifically?

This pregnant question was raised long ago and since ancient times has received three different answers: (1) unconditionally glorifying; (2) approving from the standpoint of a *double moral standard*; and (3) finding dualistic moral behaviour and more criminality than among the ruled populations.

The central point underlying diverse glorifying ideologies is the claim that the moral standards of rulers and governing elite are far superior to those of the rank and file of the ruled. In past empires—the Egyptian, Babylonian, Summeric, Iranian, Hittite, early Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Mayan, Arabic, Mediaeval European and others—this sort of ideology was based upon belief in the superhuman nature of pharaohs, monarchs, other rulers and governmental leaders. They were deified and worshipped as gods or gods' representatives by religious cults of the respective populations. Their divine powers and virtues were eloquently expressed in their exalted titles, sanctioned by law and moral precepts and justified by various philosophies and ideologies. They were extolled by rich mythologies; glorified by heroic sagas, poems, and epics; immortalized in magnificent pyramids, palaces, temples, castles, and in countless other architectural, sculptural, numismatic monuments and paintings. Their stories have been told in songs, hymns, anthems, prayers, oratorios, and operas; dramatized by splendid ceremonies, rituals, and plays. Initiated and actively spread by the rulers themselves, all known forms of propaganda and techniques of indoctrination have been used to impress indelibly the ruled population with the beliefs in the divine life and mental and moral superiority of the ruling elite.

Since these rulers have been declared gods or gods' representatives, they have naturally been placed beyond the law and above all moral precepts. The Roman legal formulae:

princeps legibus solutus est, and quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem ("the chief is above the law," and "whatever the chief pleases has the power of law") typically express the belief in the superhuman morality of rulers. More familiar sayings—"the king can do no wrong" or "government by the grace of God"—are variations on this same theme. The rulers' super-pompous titles in which they declare themselves gods, or the rulers of heaven and earth, omnipotent, omniscient, unfailingly just and as perfect as the gods themselves, epitomize this ideology.

In more modern governments the myth of the moral and mental superiority of their rulers is based less upon religious and more upon so-called metaphysical, mystical, rational, positivistic, utilitarian, and even scientific reasons. These glorifying philosophies and political theories instruct us that the morality of the governing elite is supreme and impeccable because the rulers are "superhuman heroes," mysteriously elected and anointed and because they represent government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Because the election-process itself somehow confers upon the rulers the grace of moral perfection and is evidence of their moral superiority; or because the rulers are supremely endowed by heredity; or because of destiny, biological and social selection, or good luck, they are blessed with wisdom and virtues; or their high position is a sufficient evidence of their superiority, for otherwise they would not be rulers; and so on.

Rulers of state governments and of other powerful groups are still widely believed to be the true moral leaders, protectors of justice, defenders of divine and human law, heroic examples and incorruptible pillars of the supreme moral virtues.

In hundreds of different ways these reasons are developed in modern ideologies which glorify the recent governments of states and of other powerful religious, business, and labour organisations. These ideologies are succinctly expressed by various titles such as "Your Majesty," "Your Highness," "Your Holiness," "Your Eminence," "Your Grace," "Your Honour," "Your Excellency," "Your Splendour," "Your Nobility," and so on, which in countless ways—and according to the official protocol of ranks and precedences—are daily used in all existing societies. The rulers themselves, their official and unofficial ideologists, and millions of allegedly scientifically minded citizens still firmly believe in the rulers' supreme moral integrity. In predominantly secular words these ideologies deify, glorify, and exalt contemporary political bosses, especially dictators. Lenin and Stalin, Mao-Tse-tung, and Hitler have been called: "the Saviour of Humanity," "the greatest leader among all the great leaders of the human race," "the greatest genius" in science and arts, philosophy and ethics, politics and economics, military strategy and the moral ennoblement of man.

In all fields of social and cultural creativity, this deification is done not only in daily papers and political speeches, but in scientific and philoso-

phical publications. In any Soviet scientific journal chosen at random, one can find Lenin or Stalin referred to as the highest authority in all the natural sciences, humanities, and social disciplines. Quotations from them are used as the ultimate evidence of truth in exactly the same sense that theologians use quotations from the Sacred Scripture. The same can be said of the German deification of Hitler in the Third Reich, of the Chinese glorification of Mao-Tse-tung throughout Communist China, and of the cult of other dictators in the totalitarian governments of our time.

In a slightly milder form similar exaltations of Churchill, F.D. Roosevelt, de Gaulle, Adenauer, and other presidents, prime ministers, generals, marshals, and top officials of democratic countries are incessantly spoken, not only by themselves and their retinues, also by millions of "enlightened" citizen-voters of these nations, by their democratic and socialistic press, radio, television; by their columnists, scientists, philosophers, artists, *literati*, religious, civic, business and labour leaders. Citizens sincerely call their rulers saviours of our nation, incorruptible defenders of freedom and justice, leaders who successfully solve all the difficult problems of our time, and they believe that to their wise and just decisions the very life and destiny of mankind can be confidently entrusted.

Like the ancient deified autocrats, contemporary political bosses unblushingly immortalize themselves in monuments, statues, paintings, universities, libraries, museums, mauso-

leums, and other magnificent buildings. Bearing their names, streets, highways, towns, cities, parks, dams, regions convey the message, as do their speeches and articles, memoirs, biographies and such forms of highly paid art as loud advertising and blatant propaganda. Merely listening to the orations at the major political conventions or to the speeches of a major electoral campaign leads one to realize that there is hardly any basic difference between the deification of ancient tyrants and glorification of the top rulers of today's totalitarian and democratic nations. Such has been the answer to our momentous question.

These ideologies represent non-empirical beliefs or emotional dithyrambs of the believers to their idols and are largely outside the realm of provable fact or scientific theory and criticism. Everyone is entitled to believe as he will, to be crazy in any way he pleases, so long as the believer does not enthusiastically coerce these beliefs upon his fellowmen. If, however, the idolators of rulers seriously endeavour to claim scientific validity for their beliefs, their contentions can be easily disproved and decisively declined.

Their unconditional glorification of rulers as either gods or their direct representatives is based on an assumption which is either false or totally unverifiable. None of these points has ever been proved, and most of them can never be proved. The same can be said of modern modifications of these beliefs in the form of the outlined metaphysical, mystical, rational, utilitarian, and

pseudo-scientific ideologies of the moral superiority of rulers. None of these theories gives the barest minimum of empirical or logical evidence for valid corroboration of its claims. An important role in historical and social life does not make these beliefs scientific, and they belong to the realm of mythology and emotional fantasy rather than to the field of science.

Double Standard

The ideologies claiming a double standard of morality readily grant that, if judged by the legal and moral standards applied to the populace, or by the imperatives of natural law, the moral behaviour of rulers is often unlawful, wicked, and criminal. But, according to these theories, the morality of ruling elites should be judged by a special code of political precepts quite different from the ethical code of the ruled. A special code is dictated by the very nature of governing activities. A successful discharge of their functions and duties requires from the rulers a systematic commitment of actions which, if committed by the ordinary citizens, would be declared immoral and criminal by the enacted laws of their nations. For the vital interests of national security, justice, well-being, prosperity, stable order, and progress, governments are entitled to ignore and transgress all laws and precepts obligatory for the ruled, when reasons of state demand such transgression.

For the same reasons their behaviour and policies have to be free

the common, legal and moral codes. There must be and there is a dualism between political action and moral action. Political action cannot be judged as good or bad from the moral standpoint. It is impossible to take part in politics and keep one's hands clean. In the interest of the state one must, if necessary, break a promise or commit murder. Public morality is outside of private morality, and evil, murder, and crimes are permissible to the rulers when they are committed for the good of the state.(1)

In political action everything becomes a "means" to the political end, whether it be morals, religion, or law. Rulers are entitled to carry out any kind of policy necessary for achievement of their political purposes. The very success of the immoral policies is ample justification of their morality, while the failure of the ethical policies is evidence of their political unfitness. The truly great rulers have never hesitated to use criminal means in their successful policies, while the poor rulers have often failed, being the victims of their own moral integrity. As a rule, the amoral and criminal policies of the great rulers have been more beneficial to their people than the moral policies of the poor rulers.

Such are the leading principles of the ideologies of a double moral standard. Like the "divine right" ideologies, they emerged long ago and have been frequently reiterated up to the present time.

Their ancient example is given in the Instructions of the Pharaoh Am-

(1) *Crece, Politics and Morals*

enemhet (of the Twelfth Dynasty) to his son:

'Hearken to that which I say to thee, that thou mayest be king of the earth, that thou mayest be ruler of the lands....Harden thyself against all subordinates. The people give heed to him who terrorizes them; approach them not alone. Fill not thy heart with a brother, know not a friend, nor make for thyself intimates....When thou sleepest, guard for thyself thine own heart, for a man has no people in the day of evil.'

Subsequently these and similar precepts have many times been repeated by many a ruler and by a legion of ideologists of double standard morality. "The states are not ruled by prayer books," remarks Cosimo di Medici. The misdeeds of the ruling group are a part of "divine providence," beneficial for the people (Zuccola). "Strong men are the best rulers and from their harsh rule come the civilized and refined societies....Through acts of violence rulers renew their strength, and out of their misdeeds and criminal acts comes the good society" (G. Vico). *Qui nescit dissimilare nescit regnare* (He who does not know how to dissimilate does not know how to rule), advises Louis XI of France. His counsel is reiterated by Louis XIV's instruction: *N'ayez jamais d'attachement pour personne* (Never have attachment for anyone), and by Napoleon's statement: "If the people say that the king is kind, this means he is a poor ruler." Similar principles have been enunciated by many rulers of Egypt and Babylon, China and

India, Iran and Rome, Russia, Europe, and other countries.

These ideologies have been more fully developed by many thinkers of ancient, mediaeval, and modern times, like the "Indian Machiavelli," Kautilya (in his *Arthashastra*), Yang Choo in China, Thrasymachus, Thucydides, Callicles, Carneades, Sextus Empiricus, and Lucian in the ancient Greece and Rome; by Pierre du Bois, Marsilio of Padua, Machiavelli, Vico, Bodin, Hobbes, Croce, Sorel, Pareto, Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, and other defenders of rulers' freedom from moral restrictions, of the autonomy of politics from ethics, of the justification of a morally reprehensible but successful policy by its very success, of subordination of all values to the level of mere means for political ends.

Of all these ideologists, Machiavelli, in his *Prince*, formulates this theory of a double morality in what is possibly the clearest and most pointed manner of all:

A man who wishes to make a profession of goodness /in everything must necessarily come to grief among so many who are not good. Therefore it is necessary for a prince, who wishes to maintain himself, to learn how not to be good, and to use this knowledge and not use it, according to the necessity of the case.

I know that every one will admit that it would be highly praiseworthy in a prince to possess all the qualities that are reputed good, but as they cannot all be possessed or observed, human conditions not permitting of it, it is necessary that he must not mind incurring the scandal

of those vices, without which it would be difficult to save the state, for if one considers well, it will be found that some things which seem virtues would, if followed, lead to one's ruin, and some others which appear vices result in one's greater security and well-being.

From this arises the question whether it is better to be loved more than feared, or feared more than loved. The reply is, that one ought to be both feared and loved, but as it is difficult for the two to go together, it is much safer to be feared than loved, if one of the two has to be wanting. For it may be said of men in general that they are ungrateful, voluble, dissemblers, anxious to avoid danger, and covetous of gain; as long as you benefit them, they are entirely yours; they offer you their blood, their goods, their life, and their children, as I have before said, when the necessity is remote; but when it approaches, they revolt. And the prince who has relied solely on their words, without making other preparations, is ruined.... Love is held by a chain of obligations which, men being selfish, is broken whenever it serves their purpose; but fear is maintained by a dread of punishment which never fails.

When the prince is with his army and has a large number of soldiers under his control, then it is extremely necessary that he should not mind being thought cruel; for without this reputation he could not keep an army united or disposed to any duty. I conclude, therefore, with regard to being feared and loved, that men

at the will of the prince, and that a wise prince must rely on what is in his power and not on what is in the power of others.

How laudable it is for a prince to keep good faith and live with integrity, and not with astuteness, every one knows. Still the experience of our times shows those princes to have done great things who have had little regard for good faith, and have been able by astuteness to confuse men's brains, and who have ultimately overcome those who have made loyalty their foundation.

A prince being thus obliged to know well how to act as a beast must imitate the fox and the lion, for the lion cannot protect himself from traps, and the fox cannot defend himself from wolves. One must therefore be a fox to recognize traps, and a lion to frighten wolves. Those that wish to be only lions do not understand this. Therefore a prudent ruler ought not to keep faith when by so doing it would be against his interest, and when the reasons which made him bind himself no longer exist. If men were all good, this precept would not be a good one; but as they are bad, and would not observe their faith with you, so you are not bound to keep faith with them. Nor have legitimate grounds ever failed a prince who wished to show colourable excuse for the non-fulfilment of his promise. Of this one could furnish an infinite number of modern examples, and show how many times peace has been broken, and how many promises rendered worthless, by the faithlessness of princes, and those that have been

best able to imitate the fox have succeeded best. But it is necessary to be able to disguise this character well, and to be a great feigner and dissembler; and men are so simple and so ready to obey present necessities, that one who deceives will always find those who allow themselves to be deceived.

A certain prince of the present time, whom it is well not to name, never does anything but preach peace and good faith, but he is really a great enemy to both, and either of them, had he observed them, would have lost him state or reputation on

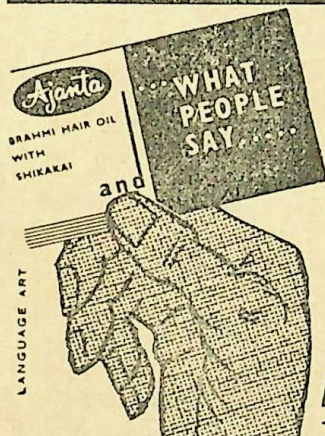
many occasions.

Hatred is gained as much by good works as by evil, and therefore, as I said before, a prince who wishes to maintain the state is often forced to do evil, for when that party, whether populace, soldiery, or nobles, whichever it be that you consider necessary to you for keeping your position, is corrupt, you must follow its humour and satisfy it, and in that case good works will be inimical to you.

Such is the answer of the double morality ideologies to our question.

[To be continued]

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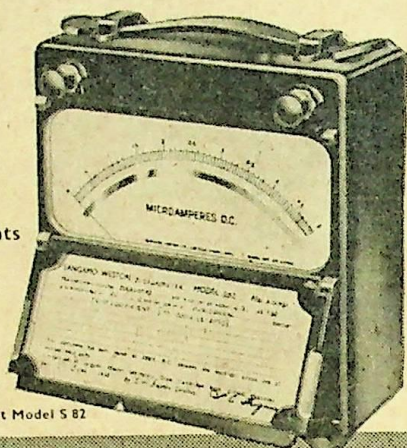
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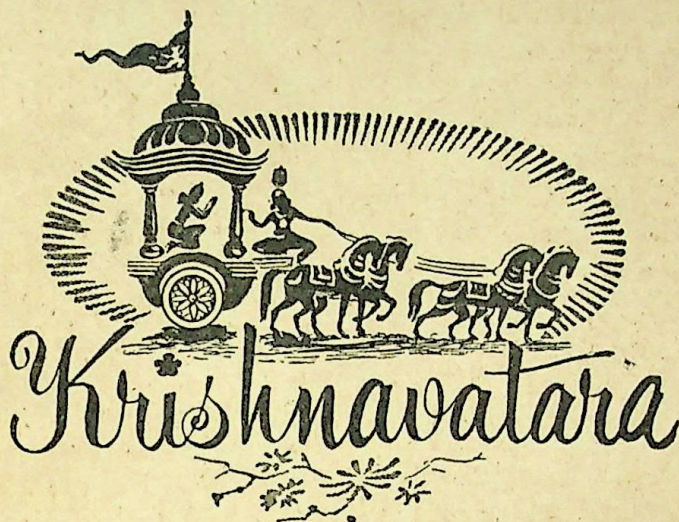
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PART III

CHAPTER XXVIII

The Master in Rakshasavrat

IT was a great occasion. The orders of King Vrikodara had gone forth. Every one must get ready to receive his grandfather.

Every Rakshasa went to work, cutting paths through impenetrable jungle growth; renovating their tree-top homes and adorning them with fresh leaves; building a hut for the guest on the ground—an unthinkable proposition so far; and surrounding it with sacrificial grounds, which Yudhishtira insisted should be prepared according to appropriate rituals.

There was cleaning and washing in the whole settlement, as was never seen since the divine ancestor Virochana created Rakshasavrat. Women were busy preparing new fibre

wigs, men, cutting new chips for their lips. Foxes were hunted to provide new suspenders. The Rakshasis were also ordered to prepare some kind of covering—garlands of leaves, if nothing else could be found—for their ample bosoms.

All sorts of rumours spread in Rakshasavrat about the grandfather of King Vrikodara: he was not a human being; he had the spirit of Virochana himself. Wherever he went, people went mad with joy. He could also make the dead live again. The elder Rakshasas shook their heads, but the younger ones readily believed the rumour.

There were some Rakshasas in the community who, some time or the other, had strayed beyond the fron-

tiers of their land. They had seen this grandfather with the long, white beard going up and down the river, meeting crowds of people, curing them of ailments.

One old Rakshasa corroborated this fact. Once he was dying; hearing of the grandfather's coming, he had taken off the chips from his nose and joined the crowds who had gone to meet him, and he was cured. With this corroboration, the ailing and the maimed among the Rakshasas awaited the Sage's arrival almost breathlessly, for they acquired new hope.

Only Hidambaa was disturbed. With a woman's instinct, she had a premonition of the coming disaster. Though her husband had the spirit of Virochana in him and made her happy, she was not unconscious of the fact that her mother-in-law disapproved of her ways. As the Queen of the Rakshasas, she was accustomed to receiving loyal admiration, and the way her mother-in-law treated her, smarted her. More than that, she had sensed an unexpressed intention on the elder woman's part to take her husband away—and perhaps her son also—from her if she could possibly do so. And if this grandfather also disapproved of her and her people, the situation would be terrible. She was sure to take them away from her.

When the appointed day came, a large party of Rakshasa men, women and children, led by Nikumbh, started for the frontier. There they camped for the night, and early next morning Bheema started with twenty-five Rakshasas to cross the craggy boundary of Rakshasavrat to receive and bring back the Master.

Siguri Naga had already arrived announcing that the Master would be waiting for them soon after the morning sacrificial session. Bheema was literally dying to see the old ritual performed by the Master.

Siguri Naga led them back to the frontier village of Lahuria. For the first time such a large number of Rakshasas had crossed the frontier of their land in open daylight. This, at first, had frightened the Nagas, but their fright was replaced by curiosity when their guests developed harmless attitudes inconsistent with their reputation. Their strange look and behaviour delighted the Naga children, and they came in high spirits when they found that King Vrikodara himself roared at them in mock ferocity and laughed with boyish glee by turns.

The Master had just finished the sacrifice and the last *mantras* chanted by him, Jaimini and the four pupils who were accompanying him. When the chant was finished, Bheema approached the Master and took the dust off his feet and applied it to his eyes. The Sage hugged him heartily.

The Rakshasa retainers did not know exactly how to pay homage to their King's grandfather. In trying to follow his example to prostrate themselves, many of them tumbled to the ground, to the hilarious merriment of the Nagas. However, they were highly impressed when the Master patted each one of them on his head and spoke to him—though clumsily—a few words of greetings in the Rakshasa dialect, of which he knew a little.

Then followed the usual ceremony

Every one was given a pot of milk.

It had to be goat's milk, for cow's milk was not available in plenty. The Rakshasas looked at the pots of milk with great suspicion, for they never drank milk; they preferred dripping flesh of goats torn by their steely, sharp nails.

Each one came to the Master, who put into the pot a small leaf from the bundle carried by Jaimini. The Master blessed it as each one took it away. The Rakshasas, though suspicious of drinking such an unfamiliar stuff in the beginning, could not help following their King's example.

Vedic chants followed. And suddenly, as each one got up to pay his respects to the Master, there was a cry of jubilation from the ailing and the maimed who suddenly felt better.

The Rakshasas did not know what to do, but they followed the rest in a group suspiciously as if in some bewitching ceremony. And when the Master blessed them, some of them

felt a sudden influx of energy, and to the delight of all, performed a war dance.

The rituals over, the Master, Jaimini and the pupils were each accommodated in cages formed of tough fibres. The cages were then slung on poles which the Rakshasas carried on their shoulders.

With steady steps, the Rakshasas, trained to the rough and craggy terrain, carried the Master and his pupils. The great Sage for the first time in his life swung between earth and heaven as the Rakshasas jumped from crag to crag. The Rakshasas had thought that the white-bearded grandfather would get frightened. But all they got in return was a broad, encouraging smile and hearty compliments: "Well done, my sons, well done".

They crossed the craggy barrier, came down the slope, crossed the streamlet. With tears of respect and

The Master took the boy in his arms, making of them a cradle, swung him till he ceased to roar and began to smile.



relief, Yudhishtira, Arjuna, Nakula, Sahadeva and Mother Kunti rushed to prostrate themselves before the Master, who, coming out of his swinging cage, embraced each one and sniffed their heads in affection.

Hidambaa and the Rakshasas looked on sullenly, holding themselves aloof a few steps away. The Master looked at them, waved them to come nearer, turned to Kunti and asked: 'Kunti, where is my daughter-in-law? Oh, yes, I see her there. And that is Bheema's son'.

He stepped forward to where Hidambaa was standing with Gatotkacha in her hands, looking open-eyed at the strange way in which her husband and his brothers were receiving their grandfather. Hidambaa could not conceive that such abasement could be a normal conduct on the part of a human being. She was only accustomed to see victims cringing before those who were ready to kill them. She did not know what to do.

Bheema whispered in her ear: 'Fall at the Master's feet'. She did not know what to do, and in trying to bend her knees, fell flat, throwing the boy on the ground. The boy fell from her hands, and as he fell, roared lustily. The Master hastily put a hand on the head of Hidambaa, muttered a blessing, and took up Gatotkacha with almost motherly tenderness.

It was a giant boy, though six months old. It had the Master's dark colour, a huge head absolutely hairless, bright, big eyes and rounded, fat legs, with which he kicked with restless energy.

The Master took the boy in his arms, making of them a cradle,

swung him till he ceased to roar and began to smile. Then Gatotkacha, gazing steadfastly at the strange face in front of him, caught the beard by both his hands and purred with joy, putting some hair in his mouth. Everyone enjoyed the sight.

The Master then turned to Hidambaa with a paternal smile and in his broken Rakshasi dialect said: 'Hidambaa, you are the luckiest woman in the world. You are the mother of the heir-apparent to Bharat's mighty throne'. And with an affectionate gesture, he rubbed the hairless head of Gatotkacha repeatedly till the boy, pulling at the white beard again, which appeared very attractive to him, laughed loudly.

And the crowd which had surrounded them was in an ecstasy over the friendship which Gatotkacha had developed for his great grandfather.

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The Five Brothers had been anxious to see that the susceptibilities of the Master should be respected and his rituals should not be seriously interfered with. They, therefore, had secured a large collection of fruits, roots, nuts, wild, coarse grains and honey, to make up for the lack of milk, curd and ghee which were unknown in the Rakshasa community. To the Aryas, religious ceremony without milk, curd and ghee was unthinkable, for the Sage had said that ghee was life and curd was strength, but the Rakshasas had never heard of them. On the way back to King Vrikodara's headquarters sacrifices and rituals, therefore, had to be performed only with coarse grains, nuts and fruits which grew in plenty in the forest.

[To be continued]

LAW AN UNIFYING FACTOR

J. M. Shelat, Chief Justice of Gujarat

DET, there was no getting away from the fact that in large areas outside the three Presidency towns there was living a vast population to whom the English laws and their principles were utterly unknown and who were accustomed to their own laws, the Hindus to the Hindu law and its usages and the Muslims to the Islamic law and its usages. In 1765, when Shah Alam ceded Bengal, Bihar and Orissa to the Company and Warren Hastings set up Courts in those areas, the question arose what laws were to be administered in those new Courts. The solution was found in 1772 when Regulation II was passed which enact-

ed that the Hindus and the Muslims were to be governed by their personal laws in regard to such matters as inheritance, marriage and caste and other religious matters while the rest of the matters and the rest of the population were to be governed by the English laws.

The pattern of administration of justice was still confusing for whereas English laws were applied in the three Presidency towns, the old laws with the Mughal background still prevailed in the mofussil Courts. There existed thus two conflicting systems of laws. The state of affairs as graphically described by Sir Elijah Imphy,



The Author

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"The true conception—ideal if you please, of the lawyer, is that of one who worthily magnifies the nature and duties of his office; who scorns every form of meanness or disreputable practice, who, by unwearied industry, masters the vast and complex learning and details of his profession; but who, not satisfied with this, studies the eternal principles of justice as developed and illustrated in the history of the law, and in the jurisprudence of other times and nations, so earnestly that he falls in love with them and is thenceforward not content unless he is endeavouring by every means in his power to be not only an ornament but a help unto the laws and jurisprudence of his State and Nation."

—John. F. Dillon (1831-1914)

(Before National Bar Association, at Saratoga Springs, New York. August 22, 1894.)

the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at Calcutta, was that though a resident of Calcutta was subject to the English laws, he had simply to cross the ditch of the Calcutta Fort and be subject to the Indian law as administered beyond the areas of the city.

Apart from the existence of the two conflicting systems, there were in existence at least five different types of laws:

- (1) the English statutes passed upto 1726;
- (2) the English common law;
- (3) the personal laws of the Hindus and the Muslims;
- (4) the Charters and Letters Patent issued from time to

time by the English Crown, and

- (5) the various Regulations issued from time to time by the Governor-General and his Council.

This medley of laws led ultimately to the passing of the Charter Act of 1833 and the appointment of the First Law Commission of India. During the second reading of the Act, Macaulay expressed the view that no country stood in greater need of a codified law than India. The principle laid down by him was "Uniformity when you can have it; diversity when you must have it; but, in all cases certainty."

For the next fifty years the Commissions appointed under various Charter Acts consisting of eminent English jurists gave to India Codes of laws on various subjects injecting in them the common law of England and the principles of equity evolved during a long period of the judicial history of the Chancery Courts. The great value of these Codes lay in the territorial uniformity of the legal principles contained therein and the equality of laws, their universal application and above all, their certainty. With the establishment of the High Courts in Calcutta, Madras and Bombay the historic process of ushering the English laws and the principles involved in them which began with the noble address of Aungier in the small townlet of Bombay in 1672 was completed. In the grateful memory of that great Englishman there is in Bombay a road still known as Aungier Street.

These Codes of law, the Penal Code,

the two Codes of Civil and Criminal Procedure, the Contract Act, the Specific Relief Act, the Law of Evidence and the yet uncodified law of Torts all bear the stamp of the English Common Law and the principles of equity evolved slowly but steadily ever since the days of Magna Carta. It is the Common Law injected into our Codes which brought with it several juristic concepts which have given the repute and glory to our legal system.

The jury system introduced as early as 1672 brought about the participation of the common man in the great task of administration of justice. The right of the higher Courts to issue the famous writ of Habeas Corpus ensured the personal freedom of an individual and his amnesty from arrest and imprisonment except as provided by law. The doctrine of independence of the judiciary declared first by Aungier in 1672 brought about an element of fearlessness in subjects in their encounter against the State for the protection of their rights and privileges. The history of the various High Courts contains many accounts of resistance offered by the judiciary to maintain its independence. There is the famous case of the Chief Justice of Bombay in the days of the Company rule when the Governor declined to execute a writ of Habeas Corpus issued by the Supreme Court at Bombay and the Chief Justice locking up the Court and returning to England observing that he could no longer administer justice.

The significance of an independent judiciary in a democratic constitu-

THE IDEAL JUDGE

"The true ideal of a Judge is no longer a figure with bandaged eyes, but rather the figure of one who carries in his upraised hand the torch of truth from on high, and who throughout the arguments of Counsel and in the maze and labyrinth of adjudged cases, walks ever with firm step in the illumination of its constant and steady flame."

—Suggested by "*The Statute of Liberty in New York Bay.*"

—"*Laws and Jurisprudence of England and America*", 188.

tion can best be described in the words of Sir Winston Churchill recently uttered by him. In a debate on a Bill dealing with the Judges' salaries, he declared in his inimitable style that the principle of complete independence of the judiciary from the executive was "perhaps one of the deepest gulfs between us and all forms of totalitarian rule." Repeating unconsciously the words of Aungier that a Judge has not only to do justice between man and man but between a citizen and the State, he said that "the British judiciary with its traditions and record, is one of the greatest living assets of our race and people and the independence of the judiciary is a part of our message to the ever-growing world which is rising so swiftly around us."

The theory of the common law that justice can best be achieved by giving each party the fullest opportunity to present his case brings about the disinterested role of the Judge whose duty is to hold the balance between the two contestants, whether

IDEAL JUSTICE

"The most satisfactory ideal I have ever been able to form of justice is embodied in the picture of a judge courageous enough 'to give the devil his due', whether he be in the right or in the wrong."

—*Law and Jurisprudence of England and America, 188.*

"But a great advocate's fame is always written in the sand, and he leaves behind him no permanent memorial; he becomes a tradition in the profession for a little while, and for a few short years stories go the rounds of the courts and the Temple before they are attributed to some other person."

—*Mr. Justice Maugham.*

they be individuals or an individual against the State, impartially and objectively. From this follows the principle that the Judge shall never enter the dust and the din of the arena. But the greatest contribution of the Common Law is the introduction of the Rule of Law in our juristic system which means the absolute supremacy of law as opposed to arbitrary power or personal privilege or prerogative, the principle that any one whether he is a private citizen or a high authority who interferes with the person or property of another except in due process of law shall be answerable for his act or acts before a Court of law. This principle has by now been so firmly embedded in life of the country that its displacement as one of the Judges of our Supreme Court recently said, seems unlikely in any foreseeable future.

Thus the achievement of an almost century-old effort was the establishment of an integrated judicial system and of laws applicable uniformly to one and all, throughout this vast country. It is this legal system to which is entrusted the task not only of balancing and adjusting the legal rights and the corresponding obligations of individuals but also the task of upholding and preserving the fundamental rights of citizens against any encroachment by the executive authority of the State. The fulfilment of this task is only possible until the independence of the judiciary is scrupulously and zealously maintained.

The uniformity of laws, their uniform manner of application and enforcement, the integrated system of judiciary through the agency of which they are enforced, all lend to the majestic solidarity of law. It is this uniformity which imparts to the law strength and makes it a unifying and an integrating force.

During the last few years when disintegrating and fissiparous forces have succeeded in getting a foothold in our political life, in form of communalism, casteism, social and political, linguism and its resultant regionalism, it is the legal system evolved as a result of a prolonged effort, which has stood as an integrated, unifying force and as a bulwark against reaction and disruption. It is our heritage. One hopes that we do not dissipate that heritage by folly, ignorance or prejudice.

[Concluded]

*Daksha being killed by Veera-
bhadra (Lord Siva's Gana-chief).
This statue is to be seen in the
1000-pillar Mandapa, called
Chitra Sabha.*

MADURAI MEENAKSHI TEMPLE

II

A LONE among the great rivers of this country, Vaigai on whose bank Madurai is situate, has the distinction of *not* emptying herself into the sea! Legend has it that she is so attached to Lord Siva that she scorns to meet the sea as a protest against the action of the sea in throwing up the great poison (*Halahala*) at the time of the great churning, which had to be swallowed by Siva! Why?

After all the guests had partaken of the sumptuous feast thrown up on the occasion of the Lord's marriage, hardly a thousandth part of the preparations had been eaten. When the Bride drew the attention of Her Lord to the enormous waste, the Lord set one of his assistants Gundodara by name on the job after directing the Vadvagni (primal fire) into his stomach. Lo! In a matter of minutes, he swallowed all that remained of the preparations and came back running to the Lord complaining he had not had enough. The Lord smiled and thought of Devi Annapurna



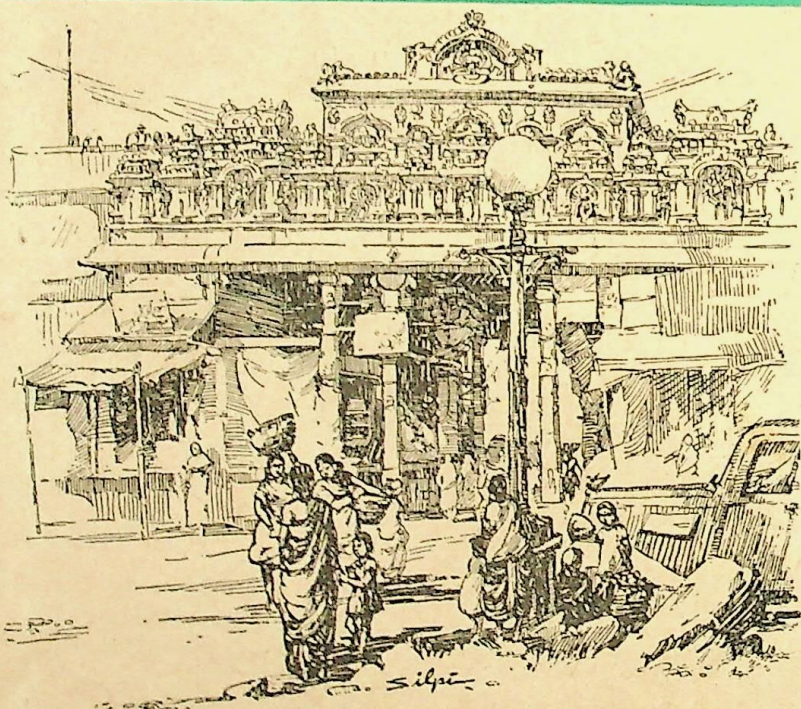
by whose grace his belly became full for once. He became thirsty and emptied all the lakes and wells and yet could not slake his thirst. It was then that the Lord ordered Gangaji who had her permanent abode on the Lord's crest, to flow down as a rivulet to slake Gundodara's thirst. That is Vaigai. Now it will be clear why Vaigai is so cross with Samudra.

Nagaraa-Mandap. Opposite to Ashta-Shakti Mandap.

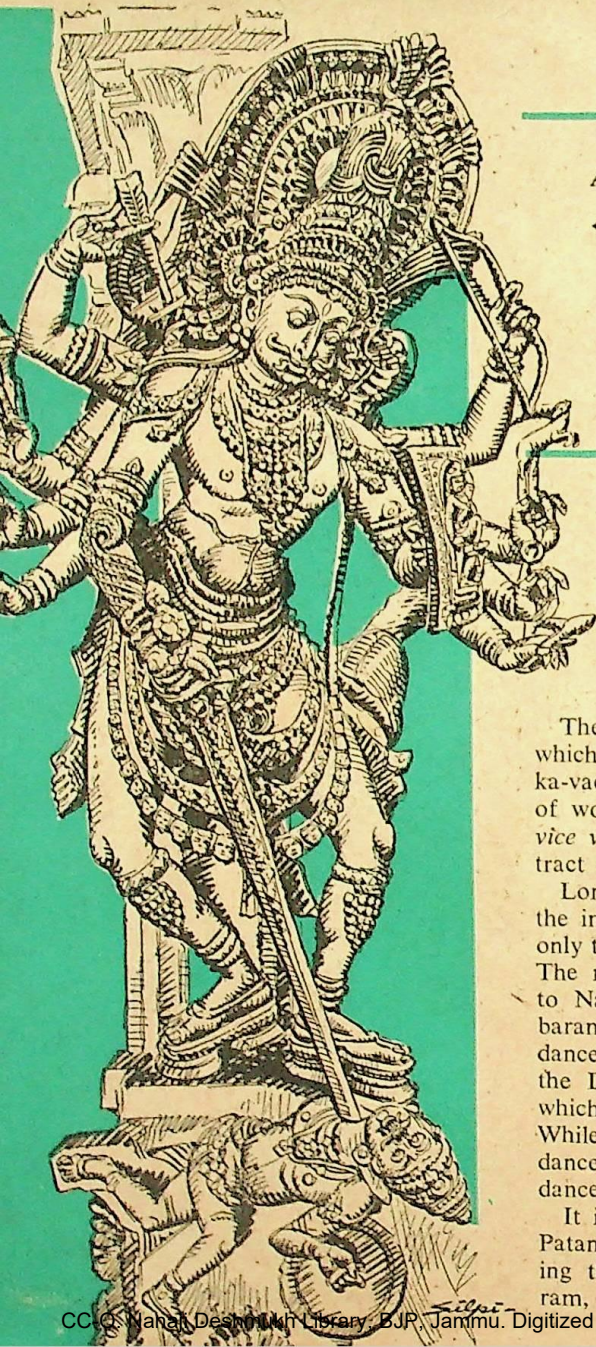
Vaigai, *alias* Ganga, is the Lord's consort.

The *Halasya Purana* describes as many as 64 *leelas* of Lord Siva as Sundaresa in this sacred city. The most moving among them of course is that in which the Lord did the

Meenakshi-Sundareswara Marriage. Lord Vishnu gives the bride away in marriage and Lord Brahma officiates as priest. The Rishis who participated in the function; seen in the *Dhwaja-stambha Mandap*. —→







Aghora Murti. Opposite Dhwajastambha Mandap.

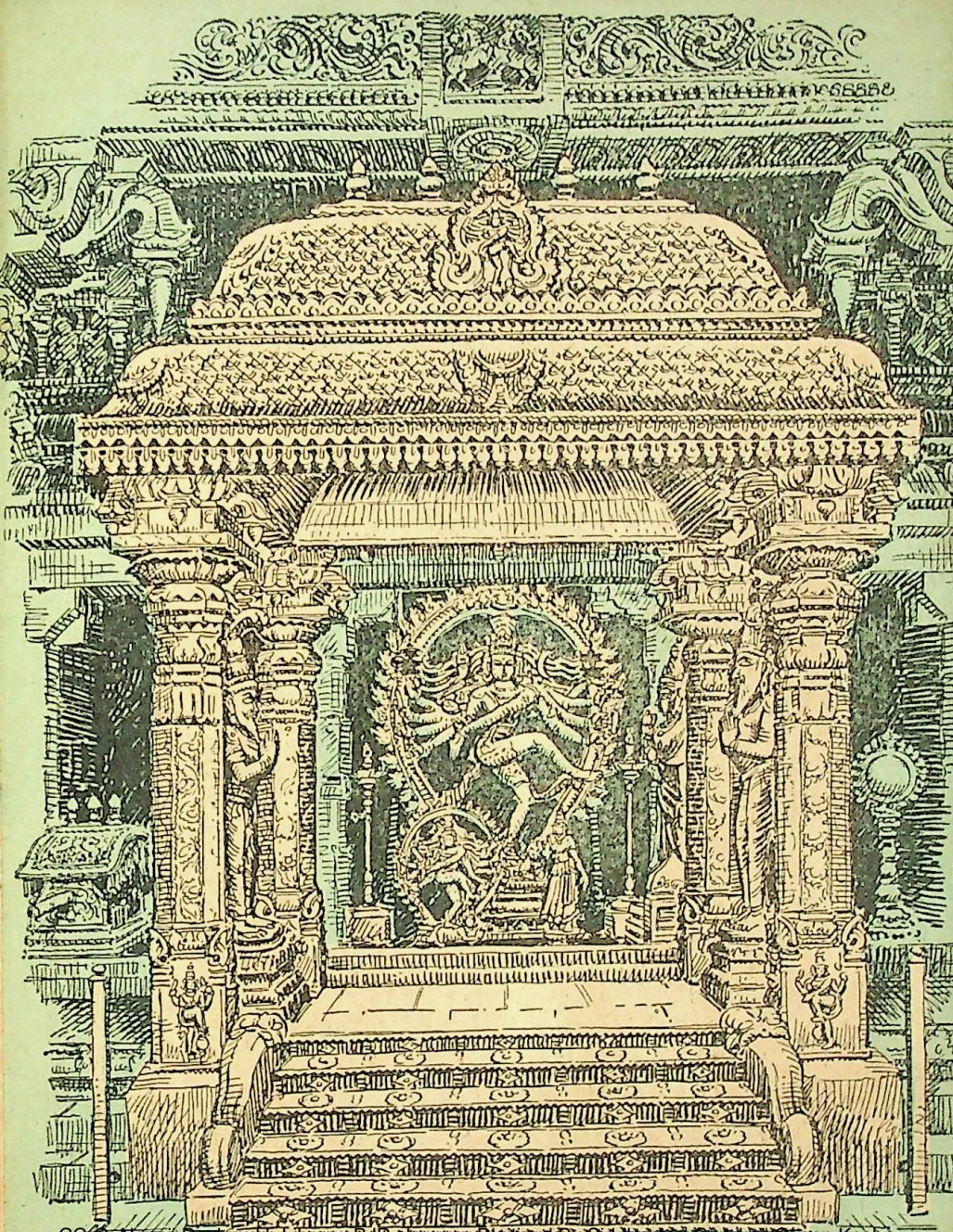
The Silver Auditorium where Lord Nataraja offers darshan to Rishis Patanjali, Vyaghrapada, etc.

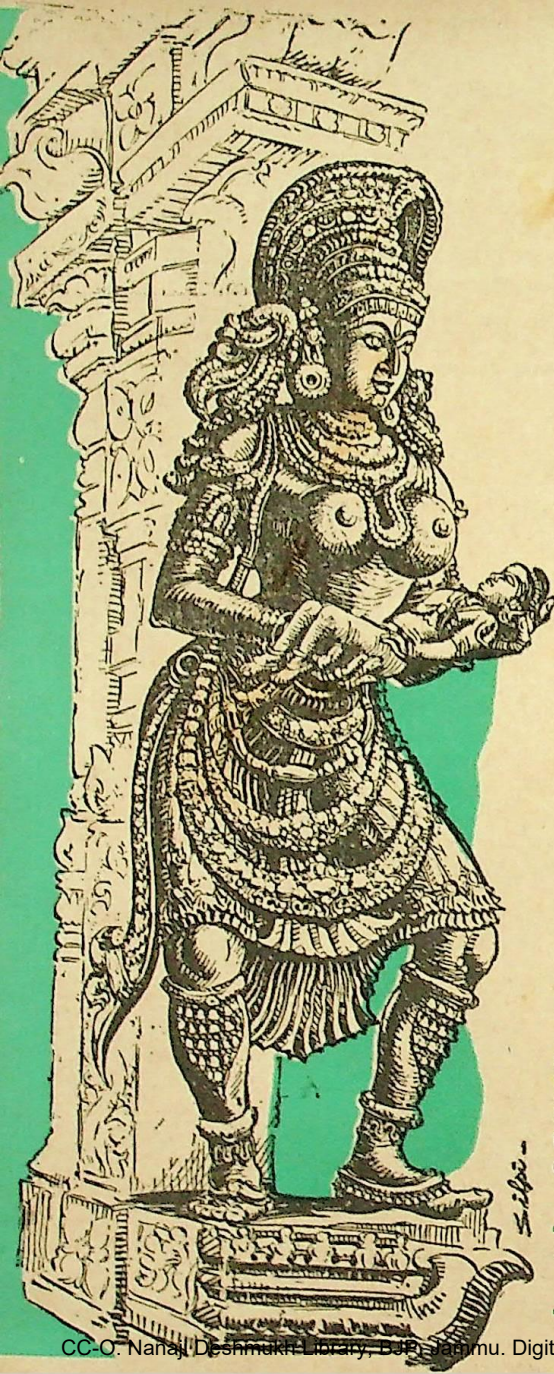
chore of a cooly, carrying wet mud during an embankment operation and got caned in the bargain by the King! The Lord undertook the work in order to libera'e an elderly woman who fed Him with sweet pudding (*pittu*)!

Then again is another story in which He obliged His devotee Manikka-vachagar by transforming a pack of wolves into pedigreed horses and *vice versa* to fulfil the devotee's contract with the King.

Lord Siva as Nataraja has captured the imagination of great men of not only this country but the whole world. The most famous shrine consecrated to Nataraja is of course Chidambaram where the Lord is said to dance in the Golden hall. In Madurai, the Lord dances in the Silver-hall which is illustrated in this issue. While almost all icons of Nataraja dance with the left leg up, the Lord dances with right leg up in Madurai!

It is said Rishis Vyaghrapada and Patanjali who are eternally witnessing the Lord's dance at Chidambaram, hastened to Madurai to have





darshan of the Lord as Sundara soon after His marriage with Meenakshi. The Lord invited them to dinner but the two *rishis* from Chidambaram could not reconcile themselves to eating before having *darshan* of the Lord's dance at Madurai. The Lord obliged them by conjuring up the Silver-hall there and dancing to the satisfaction of the two *rishis*.

Long after, a Pandyan King, Rajasekhara by name ruled over Madurai. He was proficient in all the arts except that of dance. His Chola counterpart however, was not only an adept in all the 63 arts but in that of dance as well. This made the Pandyan King resolve to learn the art of dancing vigorously. He learned it to perfection.

This Pandyan King was a great devotee of Siva. As he saw the Lord day after day dance with the same leg upraised he felt a pang in his heart. Having gone through the mill, he realised how fatiguing the act must be to the Lord. So one *Sivaratri* day he prayed to the Lord to be so pleased as to allay His fatigue by changing His legs. He vowed to take out his own life should the Lord fail to do so. Greatly moved by the intensity of his *bhakti*, the Lord who is beyond all fatigues, changed His legs while continuing to dance. At the King's request the Lord gives us *darshan* with the same right leg raised. This figure of Nataraja is in effect an assurance by the Lord that anyone can win Him over by devotion.

[To be continued]

A pandyan queen playing with her
← child (in Chitra Sabha)

... Below the sound of the dollar is the
still sound voice of idealism ...

AMERICA REVISITED

G. L. Mehta

Former Indian Ambassador to U. S. A.

IT is always risky to generalise about a people, more especially about such a heterogeneous and dynamic people as the Americans. Yet I would venture to say that the temper of the American people is calmer today than two years ago when the Berlin crisis was at its height. The temperature of the cold war though by no means normal is lower by many degrees. After the Cuban fiasco in April 1961, President Kennedy regained his self-confidence and reasserted himself by his handling of the Cuban crisis last October. It may not have been solely his triumph but it was a victory for sanity and enabled us all to survive. The military power of the U.S. has greatly increased without extravagant expenditure and a coherent strategy has been evolved, thanks mainly



to a very able Defence Minister, Mr. McNamara. But Mr. Kennedy who has a brilliant and original mind is fully conscious of his awesome responsibility to keep the peace of the world as well as to safeguard the interests of his country and its allies. He recognises that a great nation must use both reason and power *together* to fulfil its responsibilities. In a speech of vision and rare courage, he called for a strategy of peace "to break the vicious and dangerous cycle" of the cold war and asked the American people to re-examine their attitude towards the Soviet Union and Communism. No Government or social system", he declared, "is so evil that its people must be considered to be lacking in virtue". The speech made an immediate impact on the Kremlin and was

reproduced in full in the Soviet Union. President Kennedy is sincerely and strenuously seeking to discover areas of possible agreement with Soviet Russia and to arrive at a *de-tente* with it. The setting up of a direct ("hot") line between the White House and the Kremlin is a sign of an increased understanding. In the American political system, the President has immense power to lead the nation in a crisis at home or abroad and Americans are receptive to dynamic leadership. Although there are many unsolved, baffling, serious problems—Berlin, Cuba, and, above all, agreement on nuclear tests—the Americans are at the moment with the exception of some hysterics, cranks and chronic die-hards, calm and relaxed.

This has also brought about a change in the American attitude to emergent countries. No longer is "neutralism" called immoral or suspected. There is a recognition on the part of the Government of the right of independent countries to follow their own policies and full support is lent to the aspirations of newly freed countries. This outlook is embodied in the joint communique issued at the conclusion of the visit of President Radhakrishnan to Washington. There is, I believe, also adequate realisation of the continued and serious threat on our borders from China about which Americans unlike ourselves had no illusions; and an appreciation of the resolve of the Indian people to resist Chinese aggression and maintain a democratic form of government. There is on the part of the U.S. Government a willingness and readiness

to assist India in maintaining its sovereignty and territorial integrity in as effective a manner as possible. There may be and indeed, are some differences about the exact methods of achieving this objective but such differences exist between most free countries. The U.S. and Britain who are closest are divided on questions like independent deterrent or mixed-manned force. What is vital in such matters is a spirit of understanding rather than a particular figure of aid or technical details about arms. And that understanding exists.

It is true that there is a large body of opinion in the U.S. which feels that we should come to an amicable agreement with Pakistan on the Kashmir question so as to better defend the sub-continent. It would, it is hoped, lighten the burden on the American taxpayer. The Congress reflects this feeling and the Administration has to take it into account. We may not accept this view but we should at least try to understand it. We know that there are politics in our country but think that there should be no politics in other countries. We have the right to differ but not to attribute unworthy motives or deprecate the helpful attitude of a country which has given us 4900 million dollars (that is over 2300 crores of rupees) of aid and stood by us in our darkest hour since independence.

What of the domestic scene? Mr. Kennedy has many able, energetic and liberal men to advise him. But he has not been able to put through his programme of medical care for the aged or reform in education through

the Congress. It may be that he has not been "aggressive" enough to put through his programme. But as we see in respect of foreign aid appropriations, the resistance comes from the Congress in which the conservative element does represent in a large measure the strength of conservatism in the country. President Kennedy's instinct is for the centre but as a shrewd observer of the Washington scene observed recently, "the route veers right because the left no longer exerts its counter-pull". After all, the middle road is not so easy to travel.

The most serious challenge facing not merely the Administration and the Congress but the people of America is the Negro problem. We who still have Harijans and untouchability with us after sixteen years of independence should not be self-righteous in our criticism. Yet the fact remains that segregation in many southern States and discrimination in the north present a grave problem and tend to damage the image of America abroad. Two points, however, may be made without going into various aspects of the complex question. The condition of the Negroes has improved during the last thirty years and particularly during the last decade. The decision of the Supreme Court of the U.S. in 1954 enjoining that segregation in schools should be removed with "all deliberate speed" was a turning point in the achievement of racial equality. Understandably the Negroes are impatient and assertive but the very violence and hatred of the whites in the south seem like the death pangs of an unjust past. Unlike

South Africa where racialism is the avowed policy of the government and dominance of the whites a political religion, in the United States, enlightened opinion irrespective of political parties is genuinely anxious to bring about racial equality and the Federal Government has not hesitated to use force to put down opposition to segregation in some State like Alabama and Mississippi. In an eloquent speech recently, President Kennedy called on Americans to examine their conscience on the racial question since he regards it as a moral issue. In his message to the Congress on civil rights on June 19, he said that "the time has come for the Congress of the U. S. to join the executive and judicial branches in making it clear to all that race has no place in the American life or law". Nothing can be more emphatic and heartening. These words are being translated into various measures of civil rights.

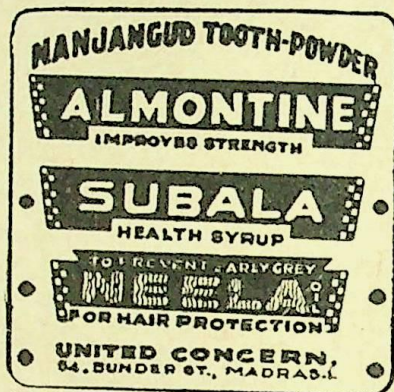
Let me finally turn to the national economy. After the pause in the first half of 1962, U.S. economy since mid-1962 has been on a high plateau giving indications of an upward trend in some directions. Economic resurgence is exceeding earlier expectations and economists forecast a continuation of economic growth which has been in evidence for the last two years. Like other countries, the U.S. is seeking expansion without inflation. There has been a statistical improvement in the balance of payments position and it is believed that the dollar outflows would diminish as economic conditions in the U.S. and elsewhere improve. For one thing, the loss of gold has been markedly reduced since last year. Nevertheless,

the fact remains that despite a 4,500 million dollars surplus of exports over imports last year, the U. S. has still a balance of payments deficit spending 2,200 million dollars more abroad than it earns. These deficits totalling 15,100 million dollars in four years from 1958 to 1962 have been primarily due to the large net outflow of Government funds for economic and military support abroad and of private funds for payments in connection with investments and tourism. Business confidence in the Government which was shaken by the Presidential intervention in steel prices has revived and the Administration connived at selective increases in steel prices earlier this year. Businessmen's investment plans which remain at a high level may pass a record-breaking level of 40 billion dollars in 1963. Sales of automobiles which are a significant indication of the scale of the U.S. economy have exceeded the 1962 level. The gross national product was estimated in the first quarter of 1963 a seasonally adjusted annual rate of 572 billion dollars.

But what is important in national development is not merely the gross national product but the gross national mind. It is possible to be overwhelmed by America's material advancement and dynamic economy. But where the talk of money drowns all other voices, where gadgets and trivialities occupy men's thoughts and activities, and no large horizons are in sight, a people cannot rise to new heights. That is where wealth accumulates and men decay. But below the sound of the dollar is the still,

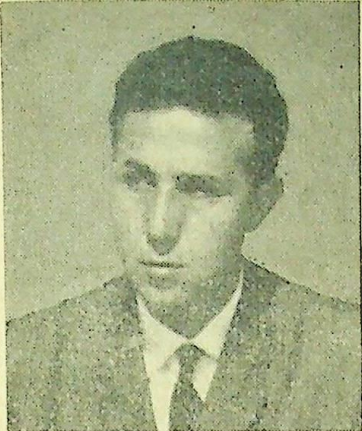
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small voice of idealism in America. It is the sacrifice of Abraham Lincoln, the humanism of Thomas Jefferson, the social discipline emphasised by Franklin Roosevelt and the insights and endeavours of thinkers and selfless men of action—whether in the realm of art, science or religion—that inspire the best in America. It is this spirit that kindles their phenomenal generosity and enables them to bear the burdens of massive assistance to so many lands. If materialism—whether capitalist or Marxist—is to be defeated it will be not by amassing personal fortunes of producing fearfully destructive weapons but by the purposes and ideals to which America has so richly contributed in the struggle for freedom, human dignity and social justice.



Our Fortnightly Profile—182

BEN BELLA

AMONG the countries that have won freedom in recent years, Algeria occupies the pride of place, not merely because of its long-drawn-out struggle against a well-entrenched power like France involving heavy sacrifice in men and material, but in having wrested it from President de Gaulle who is currently proving a despair to two mighty world powers—the U.S. and U.K.

With the resignation of Ferhat Abbas last month from the Presidentship of the Algerian National Assembly on the ground that the proposed constitution is authoritarian in character, the Algerian Revolution has devoured one more of its leaders; for, Boudiaf one of the "nine immortals" who led the revolution nine years ago, is under arrest; Krim who negotiated the Evian agreement and Khider who organised the FLN are aggrieved and away in Cairo; ex-Premier Ben

Khedda has reverted to his chemist shop. Another member is boycotting the Assembly as a protest against Prime Minister Ben Bella's "bourgeoisie and counter-revolutionary" influences. Still another is handing out his resignation every other day.

Thus on the threshold of the second year of Independence, Algeria would appear to be half orphaned. Under the stewardship of any other person she would be in an unenviable position what with the frantic improvisation and glaring gaps in administration, seething poverty and rampant unemployment, but Ben Bella is least perturbed.

As an inevitable consequence of over eight years of destruction, the flight of nearly a million Europeans from the country and the havoc wrought by the secret army, Algeria is in crying need of quick and competent administration. It may be recalled that Algeria had collective leadership at the time of the provisional government under Ben Khedda, but since Independence a little over a year ago, that has become impossible since Ben Bella's colleagues feel for one reason or another unable to work with him and a new constitution is on the anvil.

Ben Bella himself is fully aware of the dangers of a single party rule and swears by the Tripoli programme; but tragically enough the men who graduated from the terrors of war and revolution are unable to unite in the art of peaceful government!

According to competent observers much as things could be bettered, none of Ben Bella's rivals comes anywhere near shouting distance of him so far as the masses are concerned who, it is said, seek a leader of glit-

tering calibre and appeal as Ben Bella as their rallying point, rather than an opaque collegiate leadership.

A trifle stouter than what he used to be (as the photo overleaf shows) when he was the unwilling guest of the French Government, Ben Bella's face shows today little strain of the Herculean task that he has undertaken: to provide the masses not merely with bread but circus too!

Tall, rather youthful and well-groomed, he is athletic and stylish in appearance which he keeps up with systematic exercises. He has broad peasant's hands and a lithe stride. Was he not a soccer player in his boyhood days?

Ben Bella is not an orator in the sense of possessing the knack of torrential delivery. Words come to him slow, but they have a directness of appeal hardly surpassed, since they reach the heart of a person rather than his head. They cast a spell, as it were, on the audience, whether small or big. In habits he is austere; he neither drinks nor smokes.

Ahmed Ben Bella who for years had been in the top ranks of the revolution against the French rule in Algeria was born in 1919 in Maronia, a small town in Western Algeria, of merchant father. He received his education at a small French Government school. As a boy he excelled at soccer and was thought would become a professional soccer player. He however started taking interest in his country's national movement even from very early years which eventuated in his present position.

During World War II, Ben Bella served in the French army and won

five decorations and the military medal at the hands of Gen. de Gaulle. When, after the war, he applied for a commission in the French Army, he was turned down as being "intelligent and dangerous". On discharge, therefore, Ben Bella returned to his home town in Algeria, convinced that armed rebellion was the only solution for his country. The brutal suppression of the national revolt in eastern Algeria earlier, confirmed him in this conclusion.

Back home, Ben Bella became an active member of the outlawed Algerian People's Party (PPA) and its secret movement for the Triumph of Democratic Liberties (MTLD) under the lead of Messali Hadj. Soon, however, he was disillusioned by the moderate and opportunist policies of the PPA, and hence founded in 1947 the Secret Organization (OS) in the company of five other nationalists, with armed insurrection as its policy. He became its national chief. With two others he staged an armed robbery of the Oran Post Office in 1949 which gave over 3 million francs for the nationalist movement. Arrested the following year, he was tried along with 55 others and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in 1952. Five days later, however, he sawed the bars of his cell with a blade, smuggled to him in a bowl of food and escaped.

After escape, Ben Bella went underground first in Algeria, then in metropolitan France and later in Cairo. All this he did with so little publicity or fanfare that he won the name "the invisible man". Later he forged a friendship with President Nasser as a result of which Egypt was able to

offer arms aid to the Algerian revolution and which subsequently became the Algerian National Liberation (FLN). The subsequent struggle of the FLN to wrest freedom from France is a saga of struggle in modern history. Who can forget the name Oran?

In 1956, Ben Bella's plane was intercepted by French authorities and he along with four other FLN leaders who were on board was arrested and imprisoned without trial. While in prison, Ben Bella studied the revolution theory and kept contact with other leaders through his attorney. Ben Bella's pragmatic approach to problems can be seen from the fact that he resorted to hunger strikes in prison for obtaining better conditions. This brought a halo of heroism round his head in the eyes of his countrymen and the other FLN leaders consulted him on every fresh move.

With the establishment of the Provisional Government in Algeria in 1958 under the Premiership of Ferhat Abbas, Ben Bella was made Vice-Premier *in absentia*. In subsequent negotiations with the French Government the rebels made the liberation of Ben Bella and his associates a precondition of cease-fire which resulted in a deadlock. Ben Bella again resorted to a hunger-strike in 1961 which lasted for 20 days as a result of which the condition of political prisoners was greatly improved. In March 1962, Ben Bella was released on the Cease-Fire agreement.

Ben Khedda had succeeded Ferhat Abbas in August 1961 as Premier of the Algerian Provisional Government. On the eve of independence, however, there was a rift between the mode-

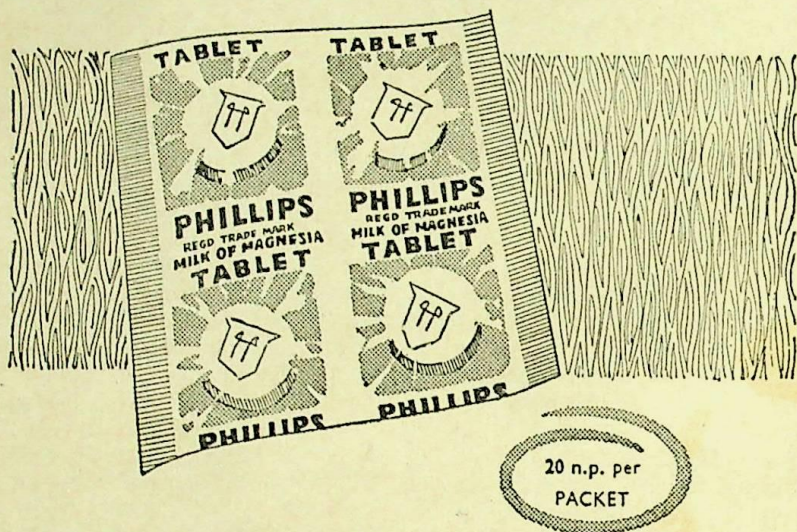
rate policies of Ben Khedda and the militant views of the Vice-Premier Ben Bella. The struggle for power intensified after the establishment of the Republic of Algeria on July 3 last year, following a referendum of the Algerian people. A few days later Ben Bella set foot in his native country and became a hero overnight what with his vehement denunciation of Ben Khedda's milk-and-water policies. Ironically enough, the same Ferhat Abbas had joined hands with him to spite Ben Khedda which added to the prestige of Ben Bella.

Soon a political bureau of seven assumed government. The subsequent national election virtually ratified Ben Bella's choice and on September 26, Ben Bella was chosen Premier by 141 votes to 13. Since then Ben Bella has proclaimed a socialist domestic policy. Anti-colonialism and neutrality are the two planks of his foreign policy. Agrarian reform is on the anvil. Industrialisation and education pose immense domestic problems. Unemployment is massive. Revenue other than the subsidy provided by France by the Evian agreement is pretty meagre. But Ben Bella has courage.

Speaking of himself, he says: "I have been compared to Russian Communists, Chinese Communists, to Nasser, to Castro. I am none of them, but I will borrow ideas from all." Again, on another occasion he has said: "I was born a revolutionary and will die a revolutionary." In effect he is soaked in the conviction that he has a mission to fulfil.

Although the most eligible of bachelors in Algiers, Ben Bella has not chosen to marry yet, and lives in simply furnished bachelor quarters.

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SATI SUKANYA

THERE was a king named Saryaati. He was the son of Vaivasvata. He was a great and noble king. He had a number of daughters who were extremely handsome, beautiful in every way.

Among them was one, the best of them all, who was very appropriately called Sukanya. Darling of her father and mother, she always carried a smile on her face which heightened the loveliness of her features.

Not far from the city, there was a lake of crystal clear water like the Maanasa Saras itself. A flight of steps marked the way to it. Birds of diverse plumage, the hamsa and the chakravaaka, among them, lent a pleasing colour and an ethereal splendour to that spot. On the bosom of the lake grew lovely lotuses which spread out gaily in the morning sun.

Close by was a holy grove where the Sage Chyavana who belonged to the Bhaargava line spent his days in concentrated *tapas*. He chose that place for its solitude. Seating himself in a firm posture, controlling his speech and his breath, restraining his senses and refraining from food, not even taking water to quench his thirst, the *tapasvin* was engrossed in the contemplation of the Supreme Mother.

And he sat thus—for how many days none could tell. Creepers began to twine round his frame and an ant-hill rose over him covering him whole and entire; and all kinds of insects started infesting that spot. The sage became invisible under the mound of earth that grew over where he sat.

One day, surrounded by his consorts, King Saryaati came to the lake to spend a pleasant evening. His daughter Sukanya too was playing with her friends, and happened to stray into the *tapasvin's* grove and came to the ant-hill that had covered him. Looking into it from above, she beheld two tiny sparks emitting light like fireflies. Impelled by childish curiosity, she took a long thorn and sent it down the hole in the ant-hill.

The *muni* saw her from his place. The point of the thorn was directed towards his eyes. He cried out from inside: 'O thou of lovely face, I am a *tapasvin*, go away from here; do not poke into the ant-hill with your thorn.'

Sukanya paid no heed to the *rishi's* warning. 'What is this bright spot deep down in the ant-hill?' she asked herself. Trying to explore it, and impelled by an adverse destiny, she

SANSKRIT VISHVA PARISHAD

An Appeal :—

To: The Branches and Centres:

Dear Friends,

It is a matter of satisfaction that some of the Branches and Centres of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad are doing excellent work for the promotion of Sanskrit in their respective areas. It is, however, regrettable that a majority of the Branches registered, do not send any report on the work that they are doing in furtherance of the aims of the Parishad. This is a time when all lovers of Sanskrit should pull their weight together with energy and continuity.

If your Branch is functioning at all, I would request you (a) to send me the names of the members of the Managing Committee and also a report on the work done so far in the cause of Sanskrit; (b) appraise the Parishad as to the state of Sanskrit studies in the areas where the Branch is located; (c) inform the Parishad about the position of Sanskrit studies in the secondary schools and colleges in your areas; (d) and a report on the present condition of the Pathashalas and suggest steps to promote their development; (e) clarify how far the Branch has succeeded in popularising the Jayantis of Vyasa, Valmiki and Kalidasa.

The annual fee for the ordinary membership of the Vishva Parishad has been reduced to Rs. 3/-. You are, therefore, requested to enrol as many members as

you can. Every Branch should make it a point to enrol at least 25 ordinary members.

As desired by the Parishad, the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is conducting Saral and Higher Sanskrit examinations. The Saral Sanskrit examination is intended to instil a love of Sanskrit in school and college-going children, and the Higher Sanskrit examination to encourage the study of Shastras and modern subjects. 450 examination centres have been established all over India and 40,000 students in all appear for the different examinations. You are requested to help the cause of Sanskrit by working for the spread of these examinations.

The Chief Minister of Mysore State has invited the Parishad to hold its eighth session in Bangalore. We have accepted the invitation with thanks. The session will be held by the end of this year.

As it is necessary to submit a report to the session, I hope you will reply to this letter and forward the reports which I have asked for.

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay-7.
Dated 2-8-'63.

Yours sincerely,
(K. M. Munshi)
Chairman.

pricked his eyes with the thorn. And, then, she went back to join the king's party. Yet, she felt that she had done something very wrong and was touched by remorse.

Blinded by the thrust of the thorn, the *rishi* got enraged. Suffering extreme pain, he was the picture of

misery. At the same moment, the king, his ministers and his entire retinue, even the elephants, camels and horses that came with him were all afflicted by a strange disease which caused them enormous anguish.

Everyone reported his plight to the King who himself was in simi-

lar distress. 'What may be the cause of this?' thought the King. Addressing his followers, he said: 'The Sage Chyavana lives in a hermitage to the south of this lake spending his days in contemplation. Did any one among you come in his way and offend him in any manner? I am sure we have incurred his displeasure and that is the cause of our present suffering. Tell me truly, who amongst you has interfered with him, knowingly or unknowingly and made him angry with us?'

The followers, everyone of them denied that they had given the *rishi* any cause, by mind, speech, or act, for his displeasure.

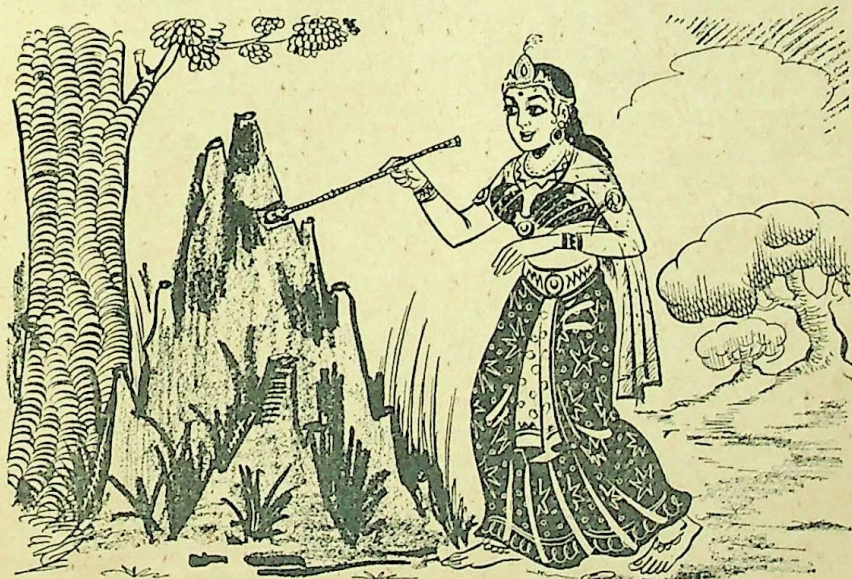
The King was not satisfied. He was sore distressed in mind and he thought deep and long. He once

again asked everyone of those who had come with him to the lake. He asked them gently, and by threat of dire punishment. And everyone averred that he was innocent.

Sukanya saw the grievous plight of the people and the anxiety of her father. Turning to him, she said:

'Playing in the outskirts of the lake, I saw a pair of bright things down in a hole. They appeared like fireflies. I took a long thorn, and intending to pull out the fireflies, I pushed the thorn inside and then withdrew it. When I looked at the point of the thorn, it was wet. And at the same time, there arose a faint cry of distress from the hole of the ant-hill. I was taken aback at this. I did not see what I had pierced with my thorn.'

The King heard what his daughter



said. He went to the ant-hill quickly, and there he saw the aged ascetic in great pain. He ordered his men to raze the ant-hill down and saw the *rishi* sitting on the ground. He fell prostrate, stiff as a stick, before the *rishi*; and joining his palms in supplicant salutation, prayed to him and said:

'Holy one! My daughter has caused you a grievous injury not knowing what she did; I beg of you to forgive her. I have heard that high-souled ones like you have forsworn anger. Hence, please pardon this sin of my daughter.'

Listening to these words of the King spoken in sorrow and with humility, Chyavana replied:

'I am not in the least angry, great king. Though I have cause, I have not cursed you or your daughter. For no sin of mine, I have been hurt in my eyes. I did not wish that you should suffer in this manner. But who can be happy having done an evil turn to a devotee of the Supreme Mother even if Siva Himself should be on his side?

'What shall I do now, old that I am, having lost my eyes? Who will serve a blind man? How shall I live?'

The king quickly assured the *rishi* and said: I have lots of servants and they shall wait on you day and night.'

But the *rishi* wailed: 'Alas! I have become blind; there is none to help me. How can I go through my austerities hereafter? How can your servants minister to my needs?

'If you want that I should forgive you, listen, O king! to my words and do as I bid you. Make your daughter

attend on me. She shall serve me while I am doing my daily rites and when I am engaged in my penance. Thus alone can I spend my days happily. And, when I am pleased, you and your people will be free from what afflicts you. Take time; make up your mind and give your daughter to me. I assure you there is nothing wrong in this; for I am a *tapasvin* devoted to a holy life.

Saryaati heard these words of Chyavana. But he was ill at ease. He felt depressed very much. He spoke naught in reply, that he would give his daughter or not.

He debated with himself. 'How can I part with my daughter of divine beauty to one blind, old and deformed like this *rishi*?

'Who will sacrifice his sweet innocent child for his own selfish benefit, denying to her all the joys of life?

'Therefore, whatever the bodily pain I have to undergo, I shall not give my darling daughter to this *rishi*'.

Thus making up his mind, greatly unhappy, Saryaati returned to his city. Arrived at his palace, he gathered his ministers and took counsel with them as to what should be done. 'Shall I give my daughter to him', he asked, 'or shall we submit to this pain in our bodies? Put your heads together and decide what I should do.'

The ministers said with one voice: 'What shall we tell you, royal master? We ourselves are in a dilemma. But how can we advise you to give your lovely Sukanya to that infirm, old man?'

Sukanya was looking on while her father was debating with his advisers. She understood what was in the mind

of the ministers though they spoke differently. Smiling gently, she said:

'Father, why are you so depressed? Why do you look so unhappy on account of what may happen to me? I shall myself go to the *rishi*; I shall appease his anger making a gift of myself to him!'

Looking at his daughter, internally appreciating her noble resolve, the King spoke to her in the midst of his ministers:

'How, my dear, will you, helpless and alone, serve him who is blind, old and prone to quick anger?

'Greedy of my welfare, how can I resign you in the flush of your youth to the grey-haired *rishi*?

'A father should give his daughter in marriage to a vigorous and affluent youth, supported by a large circle of kinsmen, never to one who is poor and forsaken.

'Where is your beauty of form and feature, my dearest, and where is this old man of the forest? How can you be given away to one who is by no means equal to you?

'With what heart can I consent to your living in a hermitage in the woods performing the offices of an attendant not befitting your royal status?

'Far better that I and my men should die of their present bodily affliction than that you should be sacrificed to an old blind man.

'What is destined will certainly happen; and so I shall not give way to despair. Remain where you are, my child, never will I part with you to the blind one.

'Let my kingdom be secure, or let it be lost. Let this body of mine

live or perish. I shall not give you to him who is blind.

Sukanya heard what her father said. With a face beaming with joy and a heart full of affection, she replied:

'Do not be anxious on my account, dear father. Do not hesitate; give me away this moment to the *rishi*. I shall joyfully do anything to give health and happiness to all these men. Untroubled by any regret, I shall serve this good and holy person in that lonely forest with great devotion.

'You have misjudged me, father. I am not the slave of my youth or of my senses. Know me to be a *sati* wedded to *dharma* and constant in its practice. *Dharma* alone is my supreme asset; not my beauty.'

The King heard these words of his daughter with amazement. The ministers too were filled with wonder as her youthful lips uttered such mature wisdom. Saryaati went to the presence of the *rishi*. Bowing to him with due humility, he said:

'Great one! Accept this my daughter to serve you in due manner.'

Chyavana received her with delight and went through the rites of marriage. Refusing the dowry with which the king gave away his daughter, the *rishi* accepted the princess alone to do personal service to him.

And, when the *rishi* was pleased by this, that very moment, all the people were relieved of their physical malady and the king too was very happy. Leaving his daughter in the hermitage, the King was about to return to the city, when she said:

'Father, take back with you my robes and my jewels. Give me a

raiment of bark or a deer-skin to clothe me instead. I shall dress myself in keeping with a wife of a *rishi* and so serve my lord that your fame may resound on earth and in heaven.

'Do not grieve that you have given away your handsome child to an old blind man. To grieve over a gift that has been made will impair the virtue of the gift.

'Do not be anxious on my account. I shall be faithful and firm in my duty to my husband even as Arundhati was to Vasishtha. I shall walk in the footsteps of Anasuya, noble wife of sage Atri of yore.

'That way, I shall make your name live on earth for ever.'

The king saw his daughter give up her jewellery and her costly attire. He saw her put on the dress of the *rishipanis* of the forest. Tears blinded his eyes and he stood as one dazed. Every one who witnessed the change that the princess had assumed was deeply moved and wept aloud.

Taking unwilling leave of her, and entrusting her to the care of the *rishi*, the king returned to his city with his ministers and attendants.

After the king left, the sweet little maiden directed himself to the service of her husband, tending his sacrificial fires. Plucking sweet fruits and edible roots, she would offer them to her lord with dutiful affection.

Bathing him in agreeably warm water, she would wrap his body with a deer-skin and set him on his holy seat. Filling his *Kamandalu* with water and placing *kusa* grass by his side, she would provide him with whatever was needed for his daily offerings. When

he had finished his rites, she would gently lift him with her tiny hands and set him down for his meal for the day. She would serve him with tender fruits and the food of *neevara* grains cooked soft and sweet to suit his tongue.

After he finished his meal, she would respectfully give him water to sip and bring him the *taambula* to finish off his repast. Then she would gently slide her lord to a recline in a comfortable posture and tend his limbs in the manner that he would desire.

Hurrying through her brief meal, she would again go to him and ask him, 'What is your command, my lord? Shall I press your aching limbs?'

In the evening, after the *homa* was over, she would bring him fruits, soft and sweet and feed him with them. And after that only would she eat waiting for his command.

Then she would make a soft bed for him and slowly let him down to lie on it. She would lull him to sleep pressing his feet with her loving hands. If the night was warm and sultry, she would take a fan and ply it gently over his person. In winter, she would make a fire out of logs of wood and setting it before him, ask him in a tone of mellow sweetness: 'Is it agreeably warm to you, my lord?'

Closing her eyes for a brief while after he had gone to sleep, she would wake up before dawn ere her husband opened his eyes. Getting the water pot and the mud of his bodily ablutions, she would rouse him from his sleep and lead him to a far away place and withdraw herself to a dis-

tance. When he had finished, she would hold him by his hand and lead him back to the hermitage. Cleansing him with mud and water, she would place before him a twig for cleaning his teeth.

She would then carry to him water for his bath and ask him with due respect: 'Holy sire! What is your command? Have you washed your face? Here is warm water for your bath with due ceremony uttering the prescribed *mantras*. This is the winter season. The day has just broken. Be pleased to perform your sacrificial rites and worship of the household gods!'

Thus did she serve her husband ministering to his every need as a dutiful and loving wife. She never thought of her own personal comfort, never remembered her erstwhile royal status. Her husband's welfare was her only thought and his service was her greatest delight.

And thus did time pass on.

It happened one day that the sons of the Sun God, the Aswini devatas came to the vicinity of Chyavana's hermitage to spend a pleasant hour. There they saw that damsel of bewitching features returning to her abode in the forest after her bath in the lake. They approached the lovely maiden, and, devouring her beauty with their lustful eyes, they accosted her and said:

'Tarry for a moment, fair damsel! Answer our query. We are the sons of God Surya. Tell us truly, who is your father? Who is your husband? How did you come to these woods? Why are you here all alone returning from your morning bath?

'Your lotus eyes proclaim you like unto Goddess Lakshmi Herself. Sweet one! Soft and tender are your feet. As they glide on the ground, they send a thrill into our hearts.

'You deserve a palanquin for your gentle limbs. Why do you go on foot? Why do you move about in these parts unprotected by anybody?

'You must be attended by a host of maidens to serve you. Why are you alone? Surely you must be a princess of the earth or a goddess of the sky. Tell us truly; what are you?

'Lucky is the mother who has given birth to you; blessed is your father. And the fortune of him who has you for wife, ah, that is beyond words.

'The very ground that you tread on is heaven itself and your every step sanctifies the spot that it rests on.

'How fortunate are these birds and beasts of the forests who daily feast their eye on your beauty! How sacred are these regions in which you live!

'But enough of our praise. Now tell us in truth, who is your father, who is your husband? We are eager to see them both.'

Trembling all over and creeping into herself with bashful modesty, Sukanya replied:

'I am the daughter of king Saryaati and wife of the *rishi* Chyavana who resides close by, to whom my father gave me away, as it so happened. My husband is blind; he is old; but he is a great *tapasvin*. I serve him day and night willingly and with joy.

'Who are you, pray? Why are you here? My lord waits in the *ashrama*.

deep agitation. Mustering courage, she briefly replied:

'You are, both of you, sons of God. You know everything. It ill becomes you to speak like this to me. This is not the language in which one addresses a *pativrata* intent on *dharma*. I have been given in marriage to this great *tapasvin* by my father.

'Would you have a *kulastrī* give up her husband and vest her heart on another?

'Go away from here before I pronounce a curse on you.'

The Aswins listened to her speech with wonder. Afraid of the consequence of this reaching the *rishi*'s ears, they said:

'Princess! We are pleased with your high regard for *dharma*. Ask for a boon and we shall grant it for your prosperity.

'We are physicians of the gods. We shall be glad to convert your husband into a youth of handsome mien. All three of us will stand before you identical in form and feature. Clever as you are, choose your husband among us.'

Sukanya was amazed with their words. She swiftly hied to the *rishi* and conveyed to him what they spoke.

'My lord! The heavenly twins, the Aswini devatas, sons of the Sun God saw me in these woods. Beholding my handsome features, they spoke to me improper words. Upon my protesting, they said: 'We shall restore your husband's sight and convert him into a youth as comely as ourselves. Choose then one of us three for your husband.

'Upon this, I hastened to your presence to know your commands in this plight. It is I, Sukanya, the



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maya of these gods; I cannot see through their deceit. I shall do as you bid me; for you know everything.'

Chyavana said: 'Take me to where the divine healers are in the forest. Do as they say; do not inquire further.'

Leading her husband near the Aswins, she told them to restore the youth and sight of her husband.

'Let your husband get into the water and immerse himself.'

And he did so.

The Aswins too plunged into the water the same moment.

Then, they all rose from the lake identical in their features, of resplendent body, as handsome youths, golden rings dangling from their ears and shining with divine ornaments.

And they all spoke together: 'Auspicious lady, choose one of us for your husband, him to whom your heart flows forth in love and affection.'

Sukanya saw them. They were exactly like one another. She could hardly spot her husband among them. She was bewildered and she wailed:

'This is a trick which the gods have played on me. How shall I discover my lord among these three? If, perchance, I lay my finger on him

who is not my husband, woe unto me. Death will be better than such a grievous mistake. What shall I do?'

She felt that her only go was to seek divine aid, and so she prayed for help to the Supreme Devi:

'You are my sole refuge, my Mother, in this dire predicament. Pray guard my chastity, I fall down at your feet.

'Thou art omniscient and knowest how constant I am to the vows of a *sati*. Pray, help me to find out who among these three is my lord.'

The Divine Mother was pleased with her prayer. She gave Sukanya the power to identify her husband which she did without difficulty. The Aswin devatas extolled her for her chastity which no temptation or distress could shake or deflect, and they went back to their heavenly abode taking leave of the *maharshi*.

His sight regained and himself rejuvenated as a handsome youth, Chyavana led a life of holy felicity with his charming and dutiful wife who wrought a miracle by the power of her love and loyalty to her wedded husband.

And so, Sukanya's name stands inscribed in the scroll of the great *satis* of immortal glory.

[From *Devi Bhagavata*]

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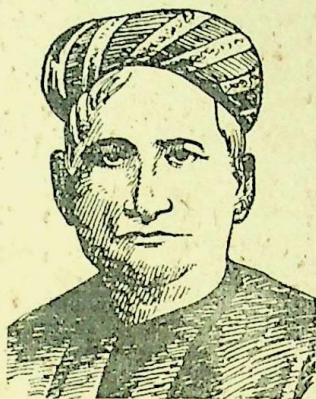
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(Translated by R.P.A.)

THE STORY SO FAR:

IT was the time of the Great Famine in Bengal. The village of Padachinha presented a desolate appearance, people having migrated to other parts of the country. Mahendra Singh was a rich man of that place. Even he could not stay back for fear of dacoits who, he feared, might descend on them any day, helpless as they were. Deciding to quit the place, he, his wife Kalyani and their child Sukumari-in-arm walked their way to town in scorching sun. They reached a choultry with difficulty hoping to get drinking water and a little food. But the choultry was deserted. Leaving his wife and child back at the choultry Mahendra Singh went out in search of a little milk. While Kalyani waited for him, ghastly figures entered her room and carried her and her child away. When Mahendra returned, he was shocked to find them missing.

3. Kalyani Escapes

IT was in a bountiful and beautiful forest that the robbers set down Kalyani. Since there was hardly any light, there was none to appreciate the loveliness. The arcadian charm of the forest remained unnoticed like the generosity of a poor man's heart. Though there was no food in the country, there was an abundance of flowers in that forest. So sweet was the fragrance that it seemed to pierce the darkness and glow.

The robbers set down Kalyani and the child at a spot covered with soft grass and sat around them. Then they began to discuss the future course of action. They had already denuded Kalyani and the child of all the ornaments they wore. Some were busy with the division of the booty.

When the ornaments had been divided, one of the robbers exclaimed: "What do we want with gold and silver? Will someone give me a handful of rice in exchange for this ornament? I am dying of hunger. I have eaten nothing today except the leaves and barks of trees."

This was enough to spark off a clamour. All the robbers started shouting in unison: "Give us rice, give us rice. We are famished with hunger. We want no gold or silver."

The leader tried to pacify them but the followers were in no mood to listen to him. Hot words were exchanged, followed by abuse. A fight seemed imminent.

Everyone was enraged and threw his share of the ornaments at the leader. The latter was annoyed and thrashed one or two of the robbers. This brought all of them upon him and

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they began to assault him.

The leader was emaciated and weak from starvation; a few blows laid him prostrate and lifeless.

Then someone in that famished, excited, wrathful and ruthless group cried out: "We have been eating the flesh of dogs and jackals so far. We are racked with hunger. Come, let us feast today on this scoundrel!"

Then every one began to shout: "Victory, to Kali! Let us eat human flesh today."

The dark, emaciated apparitions shouted with joy. They laughed, danced and clapped their hands in that darkness. One of them set about lighting a fire to roast the body of the leader. He gathered dry twigs and grass, struck flint and iron and lighted the fire. As the fire burned, the green leaves of the mango, lemon, jack, tamarind and palm trees began to glow faintly. Here the leaves seemed ablaze, there the grass shone in the light; elsewhere the darkness became deeper. When the fire was ready, one of the robbers began to draw the corpse of the leader by the leg. As

he was about to throw it on the fire, another shouted: "Wait, if we are to eat delicious human flesh, why should we select the tough and shrivelled-up flesh of this old sinner? We shall eat what we have brought with us today. Come, there is that tender and delicious girl. Let us roast and eat her."

Another said: "Roast whatever you like but do it quick. I can stand this hunger no longer."

Then all the robbers gazed greedily towards the place where they had set down Kalyani and her child. But the place was empty; neither mother nor daughter was to be seen!

Kalyani had seized the opportunity when the robbers were quarrelling among themselves. She had taken her daughter into her arms, and suckling the child lest it should cry out, had fled from the place.

When they realised that their prey had escaped, those ragamuffins ran in every direction like wild beasts shouting "Kill! Kill!"

There are occasions when man descends to the level of a beast.

4. The Fair Ascetic

DENSE was the darkness in the forest and Kalyani could not find her way. There was no path in that thickly-woven growth of trees, creepers and thorns; and the impenetrable darkness made her task well-nigh impossible. But undaunted, she made her way by pushing through the branches and creepers. Thorns pierced her skin and blood flowed profusely. Whenever the child was pricked by thorns, she cried; and at

such times the shouts of the robbers in pursuit rose higher.

Bruised and bleeding, Kalyani made considerable progress into the interior of the forest. After some time, the moon rose. Until then, Kalyani had some confidence that on account of the darkness the robbers would not be able to locate her and that they would give up their pursuit. But now that the moon had risen she lost that confidence.

As the moon rose higher, darkness disappeared and streams of light penetrated through the foliage. The higher the moon rose, brighter was the light and shorter grew the shadows. Kalyani with her child took refuge under the shadows. And now the shouts of the robbers rose higher and they seemed to come from all sides. The child was terrified and cried loudly.

Kalyani became desperate and made no further attempt to throw off her pursuers. She sat down on a patch of grass at the foot of a giant tree and clasping the child to her bosom, cried out in agony and anguish: "Where art Thou—whom I worship daily, to whom I make obeisance every day? It was reliance on Thee that gave me strength to penetrate into this forest. Where art Thou, O Madhusudan?"

There was fear in her heart and a surge of spiritual fervour swept in her. These combined with the lassitude of hunger and thirst made Kalyani gradually lose sense of her surroundings. She was filled with an inner consciousness in which she was aware of a heavenly Voice singing in the sky: "O Hari, O Murari, O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu! O Gopal, O Govinda, O Mukunda, O Shauri!

O Hari, O Murari, O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!"

Even as a child, Kalyani had read in the puranas that the great sage Narada would wander in the sky singing the praises of Hari to the music of his *veena*. That imagination took root in her mind and she began to see with the inner vision a great ascetic, *veena* in hand, fair in complexion, dressed in white, with silver hair and beard, tall in stature singing along the heavenly pathway.

"O Hari, O Murari, O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!" Gradually the music came nearer and she heard the words: "O Hari, O Murari, O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!" Then still nearer, still clearer. At last the chant was heard over Kalyani's head and it echoed through the forest: "O Hari, O Murari, O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu!"

Then Kalyani opened her eyes and saw before her the vision of a great ascetic, fair in complexion, dressed in white, with silver hair and beard, tall in stature, radiating spiritual strength. She concentrated all her consciousness on that vision. She wanted to offer obeisance to the sage but she could not do it. Even as she bent her head, all consciousness left her and she fell inert on the ground.

5. In the Monastery

IN that forest there was a monastery standing on a vast plot of land and surrounded by stone walls. Scholars were of the opinion that originally it was a monastic retreat of the Buddhists and that subsequently it

became a Hindu monastery. The buildings were two-storeyed. There was a big prayer-hall in front. But the buildings could not be seen from outside because of the wall and the dense growth of trees around it.

Even in broad daylight and at a short distance, no one could suspect the presence of human habitation.

Several buildings showed the ravages of time but in daytime one could see that the whole place had been recently repaired and renovated. Even a glance was enough to show that inaccessible wilderness was inhabited by human beings.

It was in a room in this monastery where a big fire was blazing that Kalyani returned to consciousness. She beheld in front of her the fair ascetic. She feasted her eyes on that vision. She did not fully regain her senses; she was in a state of coma. Then the sage spoke to her softly: "My child, this is a monastery. You need not have any apprehension. There is some milk. First drink it and then I will talk with you."

At first Kalyani was too dazed to grasp anything. But slowly she regained control over her mind. She put the hem of the sari round her neck and prostrated herself before the fair ascetic. He blessed her and then brought from another room a fragrant mud-pot in which he warmed

some milk at the blazing fire. When it was warm, he gave it to Kalyani and said: "My child, give some to your daughter and drink the rest. Then you can talk with me."

With joy and hope in her heart, Kalyani began to feed the child. The ascetic left the place, after telling her: "You need not have any anxiety till I return."

The ascetic returned after a while and found that Kalyani had finished feeding the child. But she had not partaken any. The quantity was almost the same as it was when he gave it to her. Only a little had been used for the child. "My child," said the ascetic, "You have not partaken of the milk. I am going out again

is not a devotee...
noted and eaten today...
of rice were on the...
chief of the police; we...
them to a devotee's

ascetic smiled and said: "I...
cued his wife and child from...
obers. They are now at the...
astery. Now it is your duty to...
d Mahendra Singh and re-unite...
him with his wife and child. Jiva-
nanda will look after the success of...
today's task."

Bhavananda agreed to perform the task; and the ascetic disappeared in the darkness.

[To be continued]



worship. An idol does not excite...
e. But I think idol worship is part...
after symbolism. Why should one...
than elsewhere? Images are an

—Mahatma Gandhi

and I will not return until you do it."

He was about to leave the room when Kalyani prostrated herself before him and then stood with folded hands.

"What is it that you wished to tell me?" asked the ascetic.

Then Kalyani replied in a low voice: "Pray, do not command me to drink the milk. There is some difficulty. I cannot drink it."

The ascetic asked her in a tone brimming with affection: "Tell me what is the difficulty. I am an ascetic dwelling in the forest. You are like a daughter to me. Why should you feel reticent about telling me anything? When I carried you in an unconscious state, I noticed that you were exhausted by hunger and thirst. If you do not give me to eat, how can you sustain life in this forest. Why?"

"Madhusudan?" asked she of her eyes.

There was fear in her heart like a god surge of spiritual fervour on to telling her. These combined with the multitude of hunger and thirst made her gradually lose sense of her surroundings. She was filled with inner consciousness in which she was aware of a heavenly Voice singing in the sky: "O Hari, O Murari, O foe of Kaitabh and Madhu! O Gopal, O Govinda, O Mukunda, O Shauri!

mation about Kalyani and her husband. Kalyani did not indeed utter her husband's name; as a Hindu wife she could not. But the ascetic understood from the other details given by her and he asked her: "Aren't you Mahendra Singh's wife?"

Kalyani did not reply but bowed her head and she busied herself with heaping pieces of wood on the fire at which milk had been warmed.

After a brief silence, the ascetic told her: "Do what I tell you. Drink the milk. I will bring you news of your husband. But I will not go until you drink the milk."

"Is there water anywhere?" asked Kalyani; and the ascetic pointed to a jug. Kalyani cupped her hands and the ascetic filled it with water. Then she approached the ascetic and kneeling low, beseeched: "Please sanctify this water with the holy dust of your feet."

The ascetic touched the water with his right toe.

Kalyani then drank the water and said: "I have drunk nectar of the gods. Do not ask me to drink anything. Until I have news of my husband, I will not take anything."

The ascetic smiled and told her: "You are quite safe in this monastery; no harm will befall you. I am going in search of your husband. Stay here without any fear."

5. In the Monastery

IN that forest there was a monastery standing on a vast plot of land and surrounded by stone walls. Scholars were of the opinion that originally it was a monastic retreat of the Buddhists and that subsequently it

was commissioned

was uncertain. And it was difficult to trace what lay before; one could not make out whether a figure was a man or a tree. On one side was the plain

which seemed illimitable; and on the other was the desert which was forbidding. Through them lay the road from Murshidabad to Calcutta.

By the side of the road was a small hill which was clustered with mango and jack trees. The branches glimmered in the moonlight; and the leaves rustled, making an eerie sound. The ascetic climbed to the top of the hill and there in solemn silence listened. It is difficult to say what he was listening to. In that vast plain, there was not a sound except the rustle of leaves. There was a small jungle at the foot of the hill, near the road.

What sound the ascetic heard from the jungle is not known; but it was in that direction that he proceeded. In the heart of the forest, under the shadow of the trees, he saw men sitting—men fully armed. Their weapons shone in the moonlight which pierced through the dense foliage. Two hundred men were sitting there, silent and solemn.

The ascetic went into their ranks and made some signal but no one rose or spoke or made a sound. He walked in front of them, scanning each face as though he were seeking someone. At last he recognised one person, touched him on the shoulder and made a sign. The man rose instantly.

The ascetic took him to a corner and they stood and talked to each

other. The man was young. His face was handsome and was covered with a black beard. His figure exuded strength. He wore ochre-coloured clothes and sweet sandal paste was smeared all over his body.

"Bhavananda, have you any news of Mahendra Singh?" asked the ascetic.

Bhavananda replied: "Mahendra Singh with his wife and child left his house today; but on the way, at the choultry....."

The ascetic did not allow him to complete the sentence. "I know what happened at the choultry. Who did it?"

Bhavananda replied: "I imagine it must have been done by the local people. Today the peasants have turned dacoits because of hunger. But then who is not a dacoit? We also have looted and eaten today. Two maunds of rice were on the way to the chief of the police; we consecrated them to a devotee's dinner."

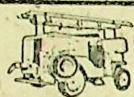
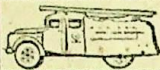
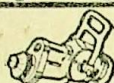
The ascetic smiled and said: "I have rescued his wife and child from the robbers. They are now at the monastery. Now it is your duty to find Mahendra Singh and re-unite him with his wife and child. Jivanaanda will look after the success of today's task."

Bhavananda agreed to perform the task; and the ascetic disappeared in the darkness.

[To be continued]

I do not disbelieve in idol worship. An idol does not excite any feeling of veneration in me. But I think idol worship is part of human nature. We hanker after symbolism. Why should one be more composed in a church than elsewhere? Images are an aid to worship.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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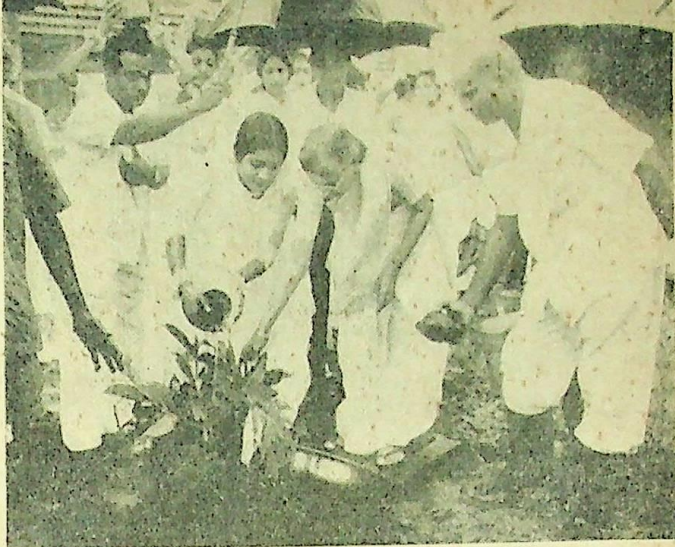
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notes and news



DIPLOMA AWARDING FUNCTION OF SARAL SANSKRIT EXAMINATIONS

AT a special function held on August 3, 1963, at the Bhavan's auditorium, Sri M. S. Kannamwar, Chief Minister of Maharashtra, distributed diplomas and certificates to 650 students who were successful in the Saral Sanskrit Examinations held at the Bombay centre of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in March last. In his speech, the Chief Minister described Sanskrit as the mother of all languages in which is embedded the unrivalled cultural heritage of India. He exhorted the present generation to take a greater interest in the study of Sanskrit and paid a glowing tribute to the work of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and its founder Sri Munshi in propagating Indian Culture and promoting the study of Sanskrit. The Chief Minister expressed satisfaction at the fact that a large number of the 40,000 candidates who appeared for the Bhavan's Saral Sanskrit Examinations were women from different parts of the country.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi who presided was gratified with the increasing interest shown by boys and girls in taking part in these examinations. She referred to the efforts of the Bhavan directed towards opening new examination

Vanamahotsava was celebrated at the Bhavan's Campus, Andheri, on 28th July. Smt. Lilavati Munshi Planting a sapling.

centres in the South-East Asian countries and the Arab world.

Sri J. H. Dave, Hon. Director of the Bhavan and a Member of the Central Sanskrit Board, in his speech told the gathering that a knowledge of Sanskrit was essential for a proper understanding of Indian culture and civilization.

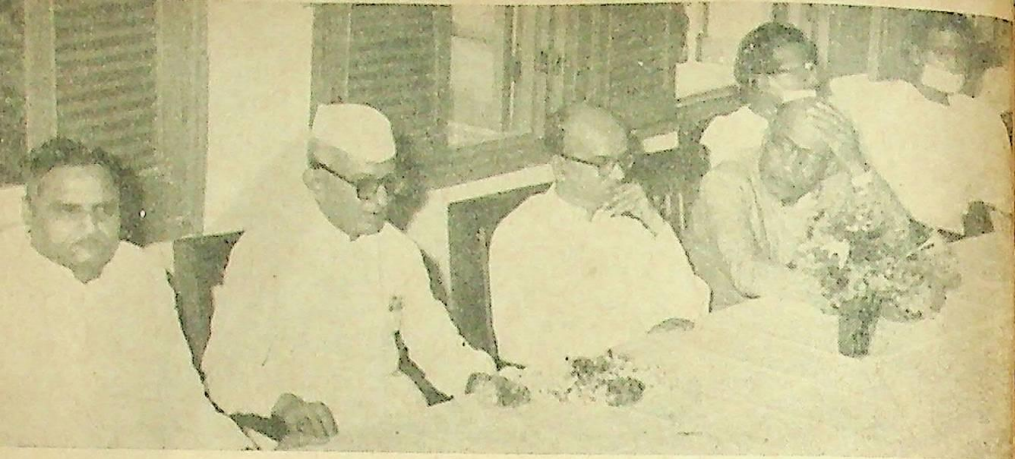
Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar of the Bhavan's Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya delivered the "Mangalic Pravachan" and the function concluded with the singing of National Anthem.

JANMASHTAMI

JANMASHTAMI was celebrated at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on 12th August from 9.30 p.m. to midnight at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan. The ceremonies on the occasion included a film show on Radha and Krishna prepared by the Films Division, recital from "Ratnakar" Uddhav's Satak, Bhajan, Devotional Songs and Pooja.

BHAVAN'S COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM

BHAVAN'S COLLEGE OF JOURNALISM, ADVERTISING AND PRINTING has started an Academy of Languages



Kulapati Munshiiji inaugurated the Vyasa Jayanti Samaroh at the Delhi Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, on July 20, 1963. (L. to R.): Sri J. L. Hathi, Union Minister for Labour, Kulapati, Dr. A. K. Majumdar, Director of Bhavan's Delhi Kendra, Dr. Barlingay, Gen. Editor of Bhavan's Sastriya Sanskrit Granthamala and two Jain Munis who also spoke on the occasion.

in Bombay offering instruction in German, Russian, Arabic and Spanish languages. Experienced teachers both Indian and foreign are coaching in order to give a working knowledge of these languages. Examinations will be conducted by the Bhavan at the end of one year and certificates will be awarded to successful candidates.

The college has sponsored an exhibition on Mass Communication Arts & Media to be held in Bhavan's premises in Bombay in April 1964. The exhibition will depict the progress made and opportunities available in mass communication arts and media and is the first of its kind to be held in India. It is intended to educate the public on the developments that have taken place in the fields of mass communication arts and media in recent times.

INDEPENDENCE DAY CELEBRATION:

Independence Day was celebrated on the 15th of last month at 9.30 a.m. at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. Smt. Lilavati Munshi, unfurled the National Flag. The flag-hoisting ceremony was followed by a programme of light

INTER-COLLEGIATE DRAMA COMPETITION

THE Inter-Collegiate Drama Competition conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Kala Kendra has started from the 26th of last month beginning with Marathi language plays. There are 75 entries, viz. 20 in Gujarati, 19 in Hindi, 12 in Marathi, 11 in English and 13 in other languages. The entries have come in 11 languages including

Principal S. M. Ganapati (Delhi School)



Sanskrit. 30 colleges of the city are participating in this year's competition. Last year 20 colleges took part with 65 entries. The Competitions will conclude on the 6th instant.

TAGORE WEEK

THE Sugam Sangeet unit of the Kala Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan organised a Tagore Week from the 7th to 11th of last month. The celebration was inaugurated and an exhibition of Tagore's paintings declared open at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan by Sri P. K. Roy, Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi also spoke on the occasion. The programme of the celebration included a film show on Tagore's life and Shantiniketan, speeches on Tagore's poetry and paintings, a recital of Tagore's songs in Hindi, Gujarati and Bengali and dances by well-known artistes, spread on different days.

DELHI KENDRA

THE VYAS JAYANTI was celebrated under the auspices of the Delhi Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan under the presidentship of Sri Jai Sukhlal Hathi, Union Minister for Labour.

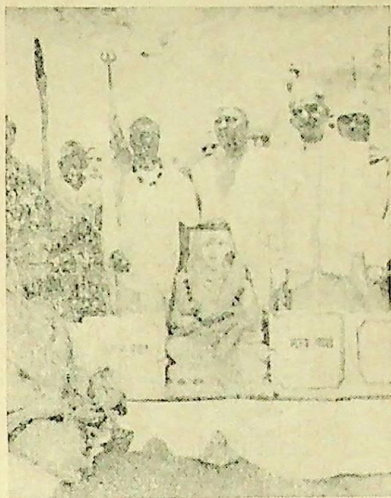
The Samaroh was inaugurated by Kulapati K. M. Munshi who in his speech emphasised the need of popularising Sanskrit.

Many prominent scholars of Sanskrit paid their homage to Maharshi Vyasa on this occasion. Among them were Shri L. O. Joshi, I.C.S., Joint Secretary, Ministry of Education, Prof. Ram Singh, Dr. Mandan Mishra, Pt. Nabhi Ram Joshi and others.

Sri Jaisukhlal Hathi, in his speech dwelt on the great contribution of Bhagavan Veda Vyas to Indian thought and culture. He also made an impassioned appeal to propagate Sanskrit, the storehouse of Indian wisdom and the mother of languages.

DR. A. K. MAJUMDAR

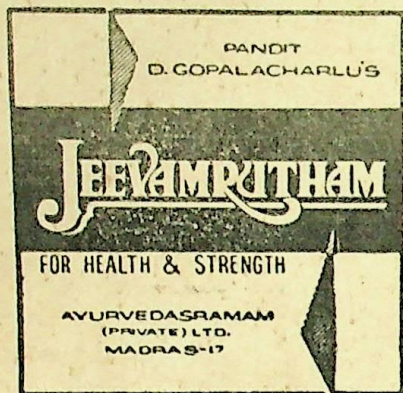
DR. ASOKE MAJUMDAR, Director, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Delhi Kendra, has been appointed a Member of the reconstituted Historical Documents Purchase Committee by the Government.



H. H. Dwaraka Jagadguruji installing the idol of Adi Sri Shankaracharya at Kedarnath (Himalayas). From R. to L.: H. E. Biswanath Das, Governor of U.P., Sri Mangla Prasad, Ex-Minister, U.P. and President, Badarinath and Kedarnath Temples Committee.

ment of India. The function of this Committee, among others, is to advise Government on the purchase of archival manuscripts and documents in private custody that may have a bearing on the country's history.

BHAVAN'S Public School at Delhi has a new Principal in Prof. S. M. Ganapati. This School prepares students for the Overseas Certificate Examination. Prof. Ganapati who is an outstanding educationist of over 26 years' standing both in Maharashtra and Madras States, is also a keen sportsman, dramatist and a specialist in Audio-Visual Education. He had in the past been Principal of more than one Multi-Purpose School. Under his stewardship the Delhi School is expected to progress rapidly.



BHAVAN'S DAKOR COLLEGE

'VANAMAHOTSAVA' was celebrated by Bhavan's College at Dakor on Friday, the 9th August 1963. Sri Utsavbhai Parikh, Minister for Agriculture and Forests, Gujarat State, planted saplings on the occasion and spoke on the importance of afforestation. The Hon'ble Minister said that forests have to play a vital role in the development of national wealth and emphasised the need for growing more and more forests.

Principal C. M. Mehta in his speech recalled that the scheme was originally launched by Dr. K. M. Munshi. BHAVAN'S Dakor College celebrated the Lokamanya Tilak Jayanti on 1st August last. Sri Babubhai Jasubhai Patel, the former Vice-Chancellor of Sardar Vallabhbhai Vidyapeeth, who spoke on the occasion referred to the various achievements of Tilak and described him as one of the greatest pioneers of India's freedom struggle and a prodigious personality. Sri Patel exhorted the students to emulate the example of this great leader of modern India.

Principal Dr. C. M. Mehta welcomed the distinguished guests.

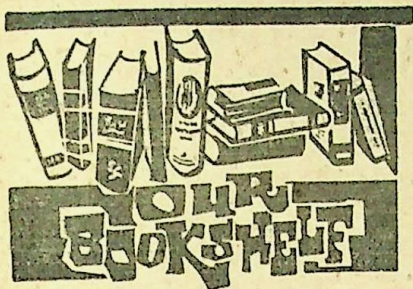
THE birth Centenary of the eminent scientist, the late Prof. T. K. Gajjar, was celebrated by the Bhavan's College at Dakor on the 14th of last month. Principal Mehta in his speech said that the establishment of the first Polytechnic of India in Baroda, the founding of the Alembic Chemical Works and the Polytechnological Institute in Bombay were a few of the landmarks of the distinguished professor's career. Prof. Gajjar, he added, was a pioneer in promoting women's education too. It was in the fitness of things that the Gujarat University had honoured the memory of this great son of India by celebrating his birth centenary.

THE sixteenth anniversary of the Independence Day was celebrated by the Bhavan's College at Dakor in a fitting manner. Sri M. M. Parikh, Hon. Secretary of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Gujarat Kendra, took the salute.

JANMASHTAMI was celebrated by the pupils of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan Public School, New Delhi, in a suitable manner. The entire access to the celebrations hall was decorated by a display of beautiful designs of Rangoli. Kulapati K. M. Munshi was the chief guest.

The Principal welcomed the Kulapati saying that it was in the fitness of things that a great exponent of "Krishnavatara" was in their midst to take part in the celebrations and bless them. Kulapati said that the life and sayings of Sri Krishna were living realities to him inasmuch as night and day he thought of the Lord and the episodes connected with His life.

There was a variety entertainment programme which featured group dance recitals by the girl pupils, depicting Krishna leela episodes, solo song recitals and recitation of the Avataragatta in Sanskrit from the Shrimad Bhagavata by a group of students. At the end the Kulapati initiated a Bhajan in which the whole audience took part.



FAMOUS JUDGES, LAWYERS AND CASES OF BOMBAY. By P. B. Vachha. Published by N. M. Tripathi Private Limited, Bombay-2. Price: Rs. 12.50 nP.

This book has a deceptive caption. It purports to be a judicial history of Bombay during the British period, but in reality is very much more. It is not a dull book. It reads more like a novel, nay more than a novel, the charm of which is heightened by the expressive and picturesque style in which it is written, enlivened by appropriate anecdotes and sparkling with literary and historical allusions.

The author rightly associates the growth of the Bombay High Court with the growth of the seven little islands named "Heptanesia" represented by Ptolemy (A.D. 150), and which in the seventeenth century when presented to the King of England as a dowry by the King of Portugal, was described by Lord Clarendón as "the poor little Island of Bombay" which was "situate within a short distance from Brazil!"

Gerald Aungier, the first Governor of Bombay (1660-1677) prophetically described Bombay "as the city which by God's assistance is intended to be built." It became the first British possession in India, a 'Royal City', blossoming forth into "Urbs Prima in India" with a population now nearing five million.

As we read the book, we see the progress of this Court of Justice from its inauguration by Aungier on 8th

August 1672 to 14th August 1947 when the last British Chief Justice, Sir Leonard Stone, relinquished office, to be succeeded the next day by Chief Justice Chagla in an India which was no longer in bondage.

The author presents a wonderful picture gallery of Chief Justices and Judges, from Sir James Mackintosh to Sir Harilal Kania, who rose to become the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Free India, and of lawyers from the semi-mythic Anstey to Sir Dinshaw Mulla, the most learned of them all.

A substantial part of the book under review deals with historical cases, from the Trial of Rama Komathi in 1720 to the Kalbadevi Shooting Case in 1946, illustrating how traditions of justice were created during the last two hundred and odd years. Among them are some of great historical significance—the first Tilak Trial of 1897 and the second one in 1909; the Jackson Murder Case of 1910; and De La Haye Murder Case of 1920, transferred to Bombay from Madras, in which the Zamindar of Kadambur, who was evidently a victim of the political passions roused at the time among the Anglo-Indians of the South, was accused of murdering De La Haye, the then principal of Newington House, and was acquitted; and lastly, the trial of Mahatma Gandhi in 1922.

The book is an illuminating study of how the judiciary from the beginning struggled against executive encroachment; how English Judges of the 18th century stood up to the powerful Governors; how Chief Justice Mackintosh, who exposed and punished official misdeeds, had to confess that he was treated in the grossest manner by the Government circles; how, when the Governor intervened with the administration of justice, Chief Justice Peter Grant went on a characteristic *satyagraha*, with his staff and locked up the High Court, suspending its functions for a period of about five months.

However, the age of accommodation followed, and in the continuous conflict between the Government and the High Court, the Court lost its independence on several points.

The author narrates the latest instance of the conflict, though arising out of a purely constitutional question, when the Governor of Bombay suspended the sentence passed by the High Court of Bombay on Commander Nanavati. The author bewails—and very rightly—that an impression has grown more recently that the High Courts in India have submitted rather tamely to successive inroads into their powers and jurisdiction by both the State and the Central Governments.

The book also contains the landmarks of our progress from the crude pre-British jurisprudence to the rule of law which prevails in India at present. So far back as 1672, Aungier “insisted on impartial justice without favour or respect for a person.” However, justice for a long time continued to be a marketable commodity and Indians were excluded from any share in the judicial administration. It was only after 1798 that a succession of eminent judges took up a broad view of judicial administration. Later Hindu Pandits and Muslim Moulvis came to be associated with the judiciary. And when the Hindu law came to be applied to the Hindus by the Charter Acts, the Muslims protested that the *shastras* and the *puranas* could not be put on equal footing with the *shariat*, as “Hindustan was a Muslim dominion.” But for the way in which the British lawyers introduced this new outlook in jurisprudence as applied to India, the uniform laws as they prevail in the country today, the Rule of Law and the Constitution with its Fundamental Rights, would not have been conceivable.

The book has been an adventure in conflict by itself. The author was requested to write this history by the Centenary Celebrations Committee of the High Court which was to be held in 1962. Advanced in age and infirmity though he was, he prepared the work after a careful research. Unfortunately in this book the author followed, as he says, the advice given to the great historian Ferishta by Ibrahim Adilshah: “Write and write without fear

or flattery”. And as a result the book got into trouble.

In dealing with Tilak's second trial of 1909, the author had referred to the immortal words of the accused which he uttered after the verdict of guilty was returned against him:

“All that I wish to say is that, in spite of the verdict of the jury, I still maintain that I am innocent. There are higher powers that rule the destinies of men and nations; and I think, it may be the will of Providence that the cause I represent may be benefited more by my suffering than by my pen and tongue.”

In summing up, the presiding Judge Davar, J. made scathing remarks on Tilak's conduct, which the author rightly characterises as ill-timed and intemperate.

Sri Chagla, who became the Chief Justice in 1947, got affixed on the outer wall of the Sessions Court, a tablet with these words of Lokamanya Tilak inscribed on it. While declaring the tablet open, the Chief Justice characterised the verdict and the sentence of 1909—properly arrived at and passed by a court in the light of the facts and law in the case—as having “tarnished and disgraced the judicial record of the High Court”. The author maintains—and I again think rightly—that Courts of Law are not a proper place for political and patriotic comments on judicial decisions. The author characterises the speech of Chagla C. J. as “admirably patriotic, or patriotically admirable”, but “judicially inexplicable and indefensible and delivered from a wrong platform”, such opinions establishing a very undesirable precedent.

The Committee objected to the words and the author was faced with the choice of withdrawing his comments on the tablet or withdrawing the history from the High Court Centenary programme. As a self-respecting historian, he preferred the latter course and the book came to be privately published.

The book is a fine specimen of modern historical literature in India

and will be enjoyed by every reader and read with considerable benefit by every judge and practitioner in the court.
—Dr. K. M. Munshi

GOD-EXPERIENCE. By Swami Ramdas. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 244. Price: Rs. 2/-.

SAT-SANGA, company of the holy, is a recognised potent means for self-elevation. But all are not so circumstanced as to avail of it and it is for such that books like *God-experience* have great relevance. This book is a day-to-day record of the talks of Swami Ramdas in the assembly of devotees and disciples, during the first five months of 1961, and breathes the saint's atmosphere in an unmistakable manner. It provides *sat-sanga* in print.

The talks cover a very wide field of spiritual life and sparkle with quips, anecdotes, personal experiences of Swamiji, etc. Swamiji speaks of different types of conceit, viz. conceit of learning, of wealth, of position, of holiness and describes the way to eliminate all conceit through surrender to the Lord. His remarks on *mounam* of mind being different from *mounam* of mouth, image-worship in which the seeker passes gradually from Form to what is within the Form, *Mantra* and *Psychotherapy* are striking. "*Mantras* have intrinsic power in them and when you chant them continuously they create in you harmonious vibrations. Your disturbed mind becomes calm and serene. Even diseases of the body disappear." Illustrations from life are given on the subject.

Swamiji's forte is *Ram-Nam*: "Chanting God's name brings remembrance of God. True remembrance develops into a consciousness by which you feel His presence and that feeling of presence leads to union with your Beloved which ultimately dissolves the sense of separation between you and Him." It sums up a full line of yoga.

Simple, accurate and genuine, this work will ever have a direct appeal to all who seek to better their lives.
—Sri M. P. Pandit

THE SAINT OF SRINGERI. By R. Krishnaswami Aiyar. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Press, Madurai. Price: Rs. 3/-.

THE SAINT OF SRINGERI is a clear and moving account of the spiritual greatness and moral earnestness of His Holiness Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati who adorned the Sringeri Pitha. Right from its inception the glory of the Sringeri Math beginning with the great Sureshwara, has had a continual succession of great saints of learning and piety. Of recent memory, we have the great Sri Sachchidananda Shivabhinava Bharati who discovered the birth-place of Adi Sankara at Kalaty and made it known to all the world. Further he founded several seats of learning for the spread of the message of Advaita.

The subject of the book under review, Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati, was cast in the same mould. His words were wisdom, his conduct was consecration. He revealed virtue, and did not strive to realise it. He was great in every aspect. His *tapasya* appealed to all. Some admired his learning. His loving kindness endeared him to all alike. His conversation inspired all. He led each from where he was. Sri Krishnaswamy Aiyar's jottings are at once revealing the spiritual effect and the intrinsic greatness of the saint. From the saint's accession to ascension in 1954 in the holy waters of Tungas, this exemplary saint added sweetness to human life and lifted up all who went to him. His sacred body was duly interred in a site just on the left of the *samadhi* of his illustrious predecessor. Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati has left for us an invaluable commentary on the *Vivekachudamani* of Sri Sankara, which is published by the present Holiness. The publication of this volume is a fitting tribute, on the occasion of the Kumbhabhishekam of the magnificent shrine erected at the place of the *samadhi* of His Holiness.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

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